

AMERICA

HOME FRONT

FARMER TELLS WPB

J. T. White

RATS IN THE GRANARY

Alice Fraser

BATTLE FRONT

STRATEGY IN BURMA

H. G. Quaritch Wales

SWEDEN ON GUARD

Maurice Feldman



EDGAR R.
SMOTHERS

J. STANLEY
MURPHY

JOHN
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BRADY



A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

VOLUME LXVIII

15 CENTS

NUMBER 2

WE THANK YOU

When you sit down quietly and study it out, you begin to realize that a lot of work goes into the writing of *America* every week.

When you sit longer and study it a bit more, you begin to see that it takes a lot of man and woman hours, a lot of detail work, a lot of initiative and a lot of money to increase the circulation of *America*. For *America* has no comics, no cartoons, no love stories, but only thought, fact, survey, analysis, argument, conclusion. As such, *America* is easily the most needed Catholic periodical in the United States.

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We seek names, more names and addresses, lists, long lists of names and addresses—for *America*. We shall write the letter of invitation to those you wish to be invited to read *America* every week.

Our request will entail some sacrifice for you. Will you make the effort, send in the names and addresses, for the common and the higher good? The M. H. Desk will do the rest.

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AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

FEBRUARY 27, 1943

THIS WEEK

COMMENT ON THE WEEK.....	561
Underscorings	564
Washington Front.....Wilfrid Parsons	564
ARTICLES	
Rats in the Nation's Granary—The Black	
Marketeers	Alice Fraser 565
Midwest Farmer Tells the W.P.B.....	J. T. White 566
War in China and India Pivots on Burma	
Road.....	H. G. Quaritch Wales 568
Swedes Eye Axis and Keep Powder	
Dry	Maurice Feldman 570
Rex vs. Saint Joan: Stout	
Prosecuting.....	Edgar R. Smothers 571
Guarding Our "Teen-Age	
Soldiers	John Wiltbye 572
Lent, 1943	J. L. F. 573
EDITORIALS	574
Anarchy or Order . . . Industrial Democracy . . .	
God and Country . . . Politics as Usual . . . Sowing	
Our Fields.	
LITERATURE AND ARTS.....	577
Not on All Fours.....	J. Stanley Murphy
Hell and Humor.....	H. C. G.
POETRY	579
Immanent	Ray Bernard
Joe's No Saint.....	John Desmond Sheridan
Song for Bernadette.....	Sister Maris Stella
BOOKS	REVIEWED BY 580
Vichy: Two Years of Deception.....	Paul Kiniery
Cripps.....	Florence D. Cohalan
Wide Is the Gate.....	Charles A. Brady
ART.....	THEATRE
CORRESPONDENCE	FILMS 584
	PARADE 588

WHO'S WHO

J. T. WHITE is a Kansas student of rural economic problems. He understands the needs of thousands of farmers concerned not only for the quantity but the quality of our agriculture now and in the future. . . . ALICE FRASER has seen at first hand the workings of price control and the black-market worms in foreign countries. Miss Fraser has contributed articles to many periodicals—*Forum* and *Century*, *Woman's Home Companion*, *Town and Country*, *Junior League Magazine*, etc.—several dealing with price control, rationing and other phases of the economic home front. . . . H. G. QUARITCH WALES, British explorer, was former adviser on Southeastern Asia to the British General Staff in India and Malaya. . . . MAURICE FELDMAN had occasion to feel out Swedish public opinion while writing for the Stockholm *Tidningen*, before coming to America in 1940. An Austrian economist exiled by the Nazi invasion, he is now serving in the United States armed forces. . . . EDGAR R. SMOTHERS, who joins the prosecution of Rex Stout, with St. Joan as witness, spent seven years in France doing research in Christian archeology, and is now delving into Christian antiquity at the University of Michigan. . . . JOHN WILTBYE exposes a danger to the young nephews—and nieces—of Uncle Sam which should engage the immediate attention of all decent citizens. . . . J. STANLEY MURPHY, C.S.B., with an M.A. from the University of Ontario, is at present registrar of Assumption College, Windsor, Ontario. It will be interesting to compare his treatment of Greene with that which appeared in these columns in the January 25, 1941, issue. . . . THE POETS: Ray Bernard, of New Orleans; John Desmond Sheridan, of Dublin; Sister Maris Stella, of St. Paul.

COMMENT ON THE WEEK

Shake-up in WPB. The "Battle of Washington," or rather one of the several battles going on there, came to an inevitable climax last week with the dismissal of Ferdinand Eberstadt, War Production Board Vice-Chairman, and the promotion of Charles E. Wilson to the position of Executive Vice-Chairman in complete charge of all programs. The former arrangement, with Mr. Eberstadt responsible for allocating materials and Mr. Wilson in charge of production, was patently unworkable, since the flow of materials is too intimately linked with production to admit of separate jurisdictions. Mr. Eberstadt's dismissal, therefore, involves no judgment either on his personal ability or on his admitted devotion to the war production program. He is merely the victim of the loose organization of the whole War Production Board set-up. With Mr. Wilson's appointment, we have for the first time since the beginning of the defense program something approaching a unified, over-all control of production. It remains a question whether still more integration is needed. Production is not an isolated activity in our war economy. It is connected with the manpower problem, with price stabilization, with the food-for-victory drive. The situation continues to call for a single head, with full power under the President and Congress to direct total mobilization for war. Meanwhile Mr. Wilson is in a position to boost production to new high levels. While his appointment is not popular with the armed services, it has the support of those who realize the short-sightedness of sacrificing a sound domestic economy to the immediate necessities of war.

Vive La France. Floating serenely in the lower harbor of New York, the French battleship *Richelieu* symbolizes in her 35,000 tons of modern fighting power the fruition of our much-doubted policy toward Vichy. Never once, her commander assured the public, did the French Navy think of handing over their ships to Germany. On our side, the State Department held to its attitude of friendship and trust in the intentions of that embattled government, awaiting the day when we could join forces with all loyal Frenchmen in the final campaign to destroy the Axis. It took courage for our statesmen to withstand the pressure of multitudinous home critics and foreign trouble-makers. A similar courage possessed those stout sailors' hearts who waited out the long months of attack from two quarters, until at last they could sail their sleek, dynamic engine of war out of Dakar harbor and over to a navy yard where we might refit her with needed repairs and the best of anti-aircraft weapons. Henceforth she will ride beside the Allied ships in quest of final victory.

African Armageddon. Arena is derived from the Latin word *harena*, sand, because sand was spread for the gladiators to give their shifting feet a purchase and to absorb their blood. Some idea of the magnitude and ferocity of the fight now raging in the African arena can be derived from an article, "We Chase the Desert Fox" in the *Saturday Evening Post* (February 13). The editors have interpolated into this graphic account the terse anemic communiques which parallel the author's detailed descriptions. The Desert Fox is still at large and is striking back. The President has warned us to expect many casualties; Major Eliot and other strategists have echoed the admonition. We cannot be unduly impressed by isolated successes which, as Alan A. Michie writes, "have a vastly larger effect in American headlines than they will on the German war machine." There will be a hard and savage fight for Africa, and the fall from unjustified optimism back to realism is very painful. We cannot afford to become puffed up. Green American troops are squaring off with seasoned veterans, led by a masterful tactician, and African sands may drink deep before the battle is won.

Trust-Buster Promoted. With the announcement that Thurman Arnold, head of the anti-trust division of the Department of Justice, had been nominated to fill a vacancy on the United States Court of Appeals, big business circles had abundant reason to cheer discreetly and look for better times ahead. During his tenure as Assistant Attorney General, Mr. Arnold conducted a brilliant and audacious campaign against the growing power of corporations and trade associations over the nation's life. Since the weapon he was forced to use in his fight to break the grip of monopoly on American business—the Sherman Anti-Trust Act—is somewhat rusty now and dulled with age, his actual accomplishment fell considerably below his earnest intentions. But this much he did: he exposed the insincerity of many business leaders who talked eloquently in public of the virtues of free competition and in private sedulously cultivated the profits of monopoly. For this contribution to the preservation of initiative and enterprise among us, he was, of course, cordially disliked by big business. Some of the cases he prosecuted, notably the Standard Oil-I. G. Farben cartel arrangement, will not soon be forgotten; but in the long run, at least if present trends continue, history will record that Mr. Arnold embarrassed somewhat, but did not prevent, the growing cartelization of American industry. It seems regrettable that this crusader must now drop his arms and doff his armor to take up the staid and relatively unexciting role of a judge on the Court of Appeals. With the war forcing an ever

growing concentration of economic power, small business, and the nation as a whole, needs Mr. Arnold more than ever. The President has given the country a good judge. He has deprived it of an even better trust-buster.

Captain Rickenbacker. Few people have better earned the right to speak of warfare in all its phases than Captain Eddie Rickenbacker. His is no theoretical knowledge of war's horrors and of the hardships and heroism of our fighting men; but a knowledge that made, as the old adage has it, a bloody entrance. Captain Rickenbacker has been struck—as who would not be?—by the contrast between the condition of war workers at home and that of the soldiers, sailors, marines and airmen on the battle-fronts. To one freshly returned from a harrowing three weeks, floating helpless in the Pacific, with the memories of our men fighting in the hell-holes of the Solomons burned deep in his mind, absenteeism and slackness can seem little less than treason. He does well, then, to excoriate such defections from the total war effort, realizing from grim experience what dreadful repercussions they can have in the fighting lines. But the Captain does less well, we would say, in some of his utterances; about unionism, for instance, and the drafting of labor. Labor has many enemies, and its faults are given a pitiless glare of publicity. It deals with employers who have declared that even the war effort cannot exist without the profit motive. Labor is forced to breathe that atmosphere and to survive in it. It is a pity that the consideration of a problem so involved as the relation of industry and labor should be clouded by appeals to emotion.

Soldiers and Workers. Comparisons made between the lot of soldiers and that of workers at home may be striking, but they are not always fair. Beyond doubt, no one at home suffers the same hardships or is exposed to the same dangers as the men in the front line. Yet there is a vast difference between the status of an army in the field and that of civilians at home. Military service is not a matter of hire—you cannot adequately pay a man for risking his life. It is a duty which the nation reluctantly calls upon its citizens to perform in a time of national peril. Everything is subordinated to the one end of *direct* attack and defense. The soldier is relieved of every other care, to leave him free for that duty. He lives in an artificial world governed by the stern necessities of warfare. Now, the civilian population, at home, cannot be so regimented. Whether it be desirable or not, it is simply impossible to organize a hundred and thirty million people, spread over a continent, under army conditions. For sheer efficiency's sake they must live in a civilian economy, modified, no doubt, by wartime needs, but essentially a civilian economy. That economy is subject to the normal economic fluctuations of wages and prices; it is subject to the fundamental needs of civil and family life. Granted that it has its abuses, it must be judged on its own standards.

No Longer Babylon. Commenting that "it would be difficult to find a better introduction to Catholic thought for non-Catholic readers," the Religious Book Club (Protestant) has taken the unprecedented step of selecting for February distribution *The World's Great Catholic Literature*, compiled by George N. Shuster. Another instance, this, of how far we have come since the bad old days when any mention of being introduced to the Scarlet Woman of Babylon would infallibly raise Protestant hackles. Inter-faith movements, despite the obvious difficulties they present, do have the overall result of minimizing friction, and that, not because Catholics are ready to yield a jot or tittle in essentials, but because the others come inevitably to see something of the *splendor veri* (the effulgence of the truth) that glows in the Faith. In these significant ways is the world working toward unity. When the guns are muted, economic and political unity will be all the mode; but the guns will not stay mute till these first faint steps toward religious unity are multiplied and strengthened a thousandfold. Haste the day when all God's children will be singing a variation of the nursery rhyme—not "How Many Miles to Babylon?" but "How Many Steps to Rome?"

"Nation" in the Red. For years the *Nation* has gone out weekly with its message of pungently liberal campaigning. Few realized the dependence of this journal of opinion on substantial subsidies, but a plea made to the public last week revealed this fact in connection with the request for a generous gift to help the paper continue in publication. Apparently the supporting endowments are no longer available. Whatever be the case, one inference readily follows. It is extremely difficult to finance a journal of opinion, which depends on a highly limited circle of thoughtful people who seek there the grind-stone on which to sharpen their views and convictions relative to the great problems of the day. Entertainment is not the function of such a magazine, but rather ideas and points of view for strong minds and aggressive leadership. One part of the press seeks to keep the people informed. A lesser, though not a weaker, section aims at a more precise target, the formulating of public policy, through frank and thorough discussion of contemporary questions. The journal of opinion, such as is *AMERICA*, fills a vital place in our national life.

Men and Machines. Not long ago, a new refinery was opened. It cost \$6,000,000 and is as tall as a sixteen-story building. Every operation in a complex series is controlled from a single room, which engineers call the "nerve center." In this room are 175 meters, gauges and instruments of many kinds. A trained man can look at these delicate gadgets and tell immediately what is going on in every part of this huge plant. Without leaving the room, he can control every step of the complicated operation by which petroleum is broken down into finished products of many kinds, including 100-octane gasoline. Despite the enormous size of this plant, despite

the complexity of operations that go on there, only nine men are needed to run it; and an official of the corporation explained that nine operators are present "more for reasons of safety than out of actual operating necessity." In these days of total war, when we are so short of manpower that we have to take our women from the home and place them in the armed forces and in the factories, there is satisfaction in reading of this startling approach to the engineer's dream of an "automatic factory." It is only when we think of the return of peace that we become disturbed. Every one knows that to ensure full employment in the future we must have full production. But will that be enough? What are we going to do about technological advances that substitute machines for men? Here is something for the men making blueprints really to worry about.

Whose Face Is Red? Somebody's is, according to Milton Bracker, cabling the *New York Times* from London, on February 17. General Mikhailovitch, Yugoslav guerrilla leader, is under fire from Russian sympathizers on the grounds of "collaboration" with the Axis. The embarrassing element is that the General was recently decorated—hardly for "collaboration"—by General De Gaulle. Who precisely is embarrassed, Mr. Bracker does not make clear. We have not the least desire even to seem to stir up disunity between the United Nations; but an honest expression of anxiety seems quite in order. (At least it seemed so, on the occasion of Mr. Churchill's "We hold our own" speech.) Russian sympathies with Mikhailovitch's Communist opponents are keeping open the internal wounds which greatly hamper Yugoslavia's efforts against the Axis. The Yugoslav Government-in-Exile supports the General. They cannot but remember that, after the Nazi conquest, in May, 1941, Russia declared that their country no longer existed as a sovereign state. The present sniping at General Mikhailovitch comes very ill from people who have been so ready to blow hot and cold as their own interests dictated. We do not ask the question, it asks itself: what goes on?

Social Revolution. Fuel-oil, laundries, the servant problem and two magazines join this week to show forth the eternal truth in so-and-so's remark: "'Tis a mad world, my hearties!" Less fuel-oil for the laundries means less washing; linen may be less lily-like—but there will be fewer buttons missing, fewer socks shrunk and consequently better tempers. Round one for the Recording Angel. A couple in search of a maid tried advertising that their home was near no movies, but was comfortable, with radio and piano, a democratic atmosphere, and that they had very laudatory references from prior maids. Result: 132 applications. Round two for the R.A. A full-page *Life* ad in metropolitan dailies dwells on the fact that Japan, for all its modern efficiency, its industry, its progress, has always been really much less cultured than the spiritual-minded, other-worldly Chinese. Begins to look as though *Life* will soon be able not to wince

at the word "medieval." Round three for the R.A. But he fares more shabbily in *Newsweek* for February 22. The said R.A. does not like bad taste, and that is what we are served generously in the movie column of that issue, with a slyly bawdy review of a picture that is still banned in many States.

Parish Planners. Provident and practical is a two-fold plan suggested by Bishop Hafey of Scranton in a letter to his priests and people. Looking to the period immediately after the war, the Bishop calls on the parish and the diocese to prepare now. He authorizes each Pastor to institute a monthly charity collection to build up a fund on which the parish can draw after the war to sustain its members while they are making a difficult transition. Nor would this money lie fallow in the interim, for it is to be turned into war bonds immediately. The wider diocesan plan looks to the establishment of rural parishes in the farming districts of the diocese. This is to forestall a migration of labor, which the Bishop expects, from industrial to rural districts. The three advantages of the plan are obvious: 1) it gives immediate assistance to the nation at war; 2) it strikes a blow at inflation; 3) it will leave each parish, at the end of the war, with a fund sufficient to meet the needs of operative social justice and charity.

China's First Lady Speaks. Congress has often paused in its legislative labors to hear distinguished guests of other nations. But never before has Congress listened to quite so unique a speaker as it did on February 18. Mme. Chiang Kai-shek addressed the two Houses not as a representative or a public official of her native land, but simply as a private citizen. She spoke her own thoughts, with her own finished perfection of language, argument and illustration. But they were the thoughts of her many millions of countrymen, and they were thoughts that none of us in the West can afford to pass over in ignorance. Obviously the question arises: what will be the effect of her discourse, other than to create further admiration for a very remarkable personality and further sympathy for the cause of China? Were Mme. Chiang Kai-shek herself to ask this question of us, we believe we could reassure her on at least two major counts. Certainly her vigorous words have dispelled any last, lingering illusion, if such exists in Congress, which might lead to delay or hesitation in taking time by the forelock with regard to Japan. Japan, she reminded us, has greater resources at her command than Germany, and the longer she is "left in undisputed possession of these resources, the stronger she must become." Again, her words have done much to make us conscious of the fact that the unbroken friendship that has for 160 years existed between the United States and China is today not only precious to China, but of incredible value for the United States. The practical implementing of this friendship in time of war is our mightiest anchor to windward against the storms—in Asia or Europe—that may arise after the war. Her warning and invitation should be heeded.

UNDERSCORINGS

LETTERS of the Hierarchy on Catholic Press Month urge priests and people to make full use of, and to have full appreciation of, such a channel of truth. Leisure enforced on us by gas- and tire-rationing gives us more time for good reading; poisoned philosophies and systems of politics are prevalent, and the Catholic Press is the best antidote against them.

► Cultural and religious cementing of hemispheric solidarity will be furthered by the introduction of the Congregation of the Holy Cross into South America. At the invitation of Archbishop Rodriguez and his Auxiliary, Bishop Salinas, the Holy Cross Fathers are to assume direction of the Colégio San Jorge in Santiago, Chile.

► Next April will witness a Catholic Congress of Latin America in Santiago de Chile, assembled to ponder social and economic problems. José Antonio Aguirre, exiled President of the Basques, suggested the Congress after his recent tour of Latin America. Catholics who "constitute the immense majority of Latin Americans and an eminent and respected minority in the United States," have a sacred obligation of leadership, he pointed out.

► The Japanese policy of reducing all religions to a neutral, drab formlessness has been carried out in Manchukuo, where all sects and creeds have been telescoped into an artificial "unity." Korea, North China, Formosa and the Netherlands East Indies are at present feeling the pinch of this policy.

► Suggested enterprise for some young student of literature or psychology: the compilation of an anthology of crank letters—clippings from the lunatic fringe. "Protestants and Jews are awakening to the schemes of the Vatican in this country," writes one correspondent, "we won't stand for the Pope being at the peace table either." For pungent prose (we omitted the profanity) and utter delirium, the anonymous crank letter is peerless in this *genre* of literature.

► Out of Lisbon comes the latest broadside from a distinguished ecclesiastic against the "new order." Cardinal Cerejeira, in a Pastoral which was broadcast to Germany by the Vatican Radio, shows that the "new order" would be just another variation on the perennial chaos which naturalistic thinking has brought to Europe.

► Cardinal Hinsley has learned from a refugee the reason for the Nazi attacks on Cardinal von Faulhaber's residence in 1938. The Nazis gave the Chief Rabbi of Bavaria six hours to depart. Cardinal Faulhaber provided a truck for the Rabbi's effects and gave him shelter. Posters bloomed all over Munich shouting "Away with Faulhaber, the friend of the Jews." The Cardinal then publicly denounced the Munich pogrom, and the storming of his house followed.

► Combining larceny and iconoclasm, a thief in Fresno, California, stole a statue of Saint Joseph (which he dropped and broke), another of the Blessed Mother (which he sold back to two parishioners for a dollar and a half).

WASHINGTON FRONT

WHAT Washington is thinking about is pretty well summed up in the speech of Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce and the testimony of Mr. Herbert Hoover, both of which are destined to be more than a nine days' wonder. Neither of these two can be called an extreme nationalist, yet our extreme nationalists hailed their ideas with rapture.

It is probable that, as Mrs. Luce says, her speech was misunderstood by both friend and foe, for all she really did was to raise the question of the supremacy of our own air after the war, and to take the stand that the analogy with freedom of the seas does not hold. What was extraordinary and significant about the whole incident was that the very ones who were against our participation in world affairs saw and welcomed in her speech a declaration of the most extreme kind of imperialism. They now want us to own and operate a worldwide chain, north, east, south and west, of airfields, no matter whose the sovereignty over the land where these fields may be.

It must be admitted that this is a most unexpected development, for it had been taken for granted that the nationalists would revert to isolationism after the war. We had rather forgotten that the usual logical consequence of extreme nationalism is the very kind of imperialism that was, perhaps incorrectly, read into Mrs. Luce's speech.

Mr. Hoover is, of course, essentially an internationalist and, given the chance, would no doubt exercise his internationalism to the limit. There were signs, however, that the reverse side of nationalism, namely, extreme individualism in social-economic matters, was getting ready to utilize Mr. Hoover's prestige—and it is still great—for the purpose of destroying any social-mindedness which the country has shown in the past few years.

The two immediate victories which these individualists are expecting are over the Farm Security Administration and over the Tolan Committee, which, quietly but effectively, has done so much for the under-privileged. Prior to 1930, the farmers who turned into tenants averaged about 40,000 a year. The FSA did not exactly reverse this disastrous trend, but it slowed it down, since it helped out only about seventeen per cent of the new tenants. Even this is too much for the powerful and highly individualistic organizations of farm owners. It is clear enough that a battle-line is forming. It is no longer a question of keeping the Administration from extending our "social gains" under cover of the war, but under the same cover of abolishing those gains that have been made.

The spearhead of this drive has been directed at the Administration's weakest point: the multitude of administrative regulations under the President's war powers and promulgated by the war agencies. Congress cannot seriously contemplate bringing these regulations under its own law-making power, for conditions change so rapidly that by the time the laws were passed they would be obsolete. But it will talk a great deal about doing it.

WILFRID PARSONS

RATS IN THE NATION'S GRANARY— THE BLACK MARKETEERS

ALICE FRASER

BLACK markets are nothing new. They go back through history to the first time a government required its people to do without something they did not want to do without. Irish chieftains had their Black Rent centuries ago. Spain and Italy had their Black Hands. China had her Black Flags.

This country is an old timer at black markets. From the days of the stamp tax and the Whisky Rebellion, indeed, it has shown a notable flair for them. Climaxing the record were the lush times of prohibition, when, hand in hand with the trade in illicit goods—for that is what black markets are—went hijacking, gang murders, and official and public corruption. Notable, too, was the depression-years' black market in anthracite coal—free-lance Pennsylvania workers mining coal on property that did not belong to them and underselling commercial coal to the tune of 5,000,000 tons a year.

Now, with every resource straining for all-out war, this nation enters upon new and dangerous economic times. Once more we are being asked to do without. And this time it is not only one thing we are asked to forego, or to do with less of, but many. And the list is continually lengthening.

In that lengthening lurks danger, a menace that might well crack our price- and rationing-controls, and through them our war economy. The danger is a possible renaissance of the rampant sneak-selling and sneak-buying of prohibition days.

In Europe, black markets have been going concerns for some time. In Nazi-dominated countries especially, despite severe penalties and special concentration camps for those caught, trade is brisk. For, in those countries, many people look upon black marketing as a means of keeping supplies from the Germans; farmers resist the conquerors, and keep up illicit trade, by false crop returns.

In France, trains leaving Paris last July for Brittany, Touraine, Poitou, and other regions were reported booked three weeks in advance by Parisians bent on beating the ration laws by scouring the countryside for food. From other French cities, too, townspeople on the same mission poured into rural areas. The "sickness" rate in the St. Etienne coal mines was reported at thirty-two per cent—those absent usually being away in the country black-marketing!

And this situation is not confined to France. For all German-dominated countries, reliable estimates give business done "in the black" as from ten to twenty per cent of total trade.

European black-market prices are, of course, fantastic; and most people cannot pay them. But restaurants, hotels, retail stores have to, or go out of business. And the well-to-do also pay them consistently. In France, twenty cigarettes, ordinarily costing eight francs, bring from forty to fifty francs; a kilo of sugar (a little over two pounds), usually priced at five francs, sells for from sixty to one hundred; a kilo of tea, ordinarily forty francs, costs 1,000. Holland, too, reports sky-high black-market prices, eggs costing about twenty-seven cents, American, apiece, a pound of tea thirty-two dollars. As for Poland, there the off-the-record prices on food are sometimes forty times higher than official ones.

Nor is it only in the conquered countries that the black market sucks at war economies. It thrives in Germany despite death penalties and other drastic attempts at suppression. It also thrives in Italy—so flagrantly that feeling is reported high against the rich and the Fascist-party racketeers who alone can afford it. In England, too, thousands of successful prosecutions testify that even the "tight little isle" is not proof. Australia and Japan likewise have unclean records.

As for this country—we plunged into nicking at our price- and rationing-controls with more than a little of our customary anti-restriction zest. As early as 1941, John L. Haynes, of the Office of Production Management, told the Associated General Contractors of America that bootleg prices had been bid and asked for steel, copper and other scarce materials. At about the same time, Price Administrator Leon Henderson declared that a sizeable amount of aluminum had escaped from priority control and also that numerous "priority profiteers" had acquired chemicals and sold them at one hundred to four hundred per cent above customary prices. Later, in a Congressional hearing, Frank Higgins of New Orleans spotlighted the black market in steel when he revealed that by paying a premium he could buy the precious stuff from warehouses all over the country despite regulations of the O.P.A. and W.P.B.

Now, the activities of the black-market gentry reach, termite-like, into almost every beam and stanchion of the rationing- and price-control structure. In Los Angeles, tire-dealer Guy O. Bryan freely admitted to police that he had sold \$28,000 worth of new tires since Pearl Harbor. In Houston, a tire ring that included several leading citizens

was exposed only after it had sold over 300 of the same contraband. In New York City it took only three hours to uncover four places where the slogan was "All the tires you want."

And it isn't only in tires that sneak-dealing is prevalent. A Minnesota bottling-works operator was fined \$2,000 for reporting "no sugar" when actually he had over 44,000 pounds. A gasoline-coupon ring that smacked of the Al Capone days was broken up in New York City. For a customer who was willing to pay twice the ceiling price, a Brooklyn textile company continued spinning silk after silk was frozen. Two big stores in Washington, D. C., have been charged with ceiling violations. Sixty landlords in twenty-one war-plant areas have been haled up for rent-ceiling offenses. Meat dealers all over the country are being brought to court for "upgrading" of standard cuts.

And these are only a few cases. There are many more. O.P.A. investigations have shown, for instance, that forty per cent of 12,000 groceries and butcher shops were ceiling-violators; that seventy per cent of five hundred East-Coast gas stations were also disobeying regulations.

And these cases, it should be remembered, are representative only of the ones that are *known*!

It is obvious that we are playing with fire: a rampant black market would jeopardize the outcome of the war and the post-war structure.

For a rampant black market diverts desperately needed, war-essential goods to less vital uses. It undermines the national unity by turning to fiction the democratic, fair-share-for-all concept of rationing. It breeds disrespect for all law because it flouts one law (witness prohibition and the Era of the Gunman!). It attracts the fifth columnist and the *saboteur*, who, finding easy access on the heels of the gangster, are able not only to buy in our own black market what Hitler and Hirohito need but also to adulterate what we use.

Furthermore, a rampant black market conduces inflation. And what that means is well known—sabotage of the war economy and war effort, not to mention the post-war economy.

We have enough to do without trying to cope with these difficulties. Moreover, we *cannot* cope with a black market that assumes major proportions. In the words of one O.P.A. official: "If the day ever comes when we have to enforce these controls without public support, we will never be able to." There just aren't enough policemen!

Thus the issue is squarely up to the people and to their sense of responsibility.

In prohibition days, the people by and large regarded the alcoholic black market as a sporting proposition. What most of them believed was an impossible law, had been nailed to the statute books. Such a law, they argued—in the rebellious tradition of this country—is fated to be broken.

But wartime limitations are different. Patronage of black marketeers in the carnival spirit of the twenties is neither smart nor humorous. It is a peril to the nation.

In public awareness of this truth lies the hope of the situation.

MIDWEST FARMER TELLS THE WPB

J. T. WHITE

NO matter how far the rationing program goes, the Middle West feels confident that common sense will never be on the list. It seems to be extinct.

Produce more poultry and eggs, we are told, more beef, more pork, more dairy products, more soy beans; and, of course, keep up the grain production. We'd like to do it, you know, for we are a sincere people. We take the war seriously. If you will bother to look at the enlistments—especially for the Navy—you will see that we have a personal stake in the affair. We want to see our boys well fed, not only because they are fighting for America but because we feel they really are "our boys." But we tell you frankly we're not going to be able to do it the way things are.

If we are going to increase our poultry and egg production, we must have special feeds. Well, we can't get them. All winter we have had trouble getting the ingredients for chicken mash. The same thing is true of increased meat production. If we can't have concentrates: oil meals, alfalfa meals, meat scraps, cottonseed, dried buttermilk, tankage; we simply can't do the job. And we aren't getting them. Feed companies tell us they haven't any.

What has happened to the supply of concentrates and feeds? There was a plentiful supply of cottonseed, but now you simply can't buy it. We understand that much of that on hand was shipped out of the country. Whether or not that was wise is beside the point. It is gone and we can't have it back. But why isn't more being processed? A partial answer, we suspect, is that the processors are still more interested in profits than in making personal sacrifices to help the war effort. The price ceiling has made it less profitable to process the seed, so the processors have stopped production and invested their capital and effort in more lucrative occupations. After all, there are many more profitable businesses that are at the same time more apparently patriotic.

Of course, we don't expect big business to operate at a loss. All we ask is machinery and government permission to produce our own needs cooperatively. We feel we can do it within the price ceiling and still come out better than even. We need soy-bean mills to process our crop; we need cooling systems to preserve our eggs and cream until there is enough to ship; and we aren't fooling.

Recently the Consumers Cooperative Association of Kansas City sought permission to build a large grain-alcohol plant as part of the synthetic rubber program. Part of the plan was to use the by-products for feed concentrates of nutritious value. The permit to build was given to National Distillers—a corporation, according to Senator Gillette of

Iowa, eventually controlled by Standard Oil of New Jersey—and the concentrates will not be produced. For National Distillers does not intend to bother with these by-products. This is big business. Today we laud it as the patriotic all-out war effort. Tomorrow we are likely to call it what it is: the type of foolishness that caused us to tighten our belts another notch, and that contributed heavily towards the production of an under-nourished generation of potential neurotics.

The Farmers' Union has encouraged its members to organize local farm-production boards to study the farm-labor and machinery problem, and to try to coordinate farm effort to ensure maximum production. Recently I attended a meeting of one of these boards in Kansas. These men are earnest. You will remember that the farm population was being drained of its youth long before the beginning of the war. For years we have been educating the young people away from the land. Consequently, the members of this board are not young men. It is not easy for them to undertake increased production, but they are eager to do it. The sad thing is that they know they will not succeed unless the production boards begin to manifest a little sense.

There is an unusual situation in this part of the country that must not be overlooked, but rather obviously is being overlooked. During the drought many farmers were forced into dry-crop farming. As a result, they have kept up their wheat machinery and let the other equipment deteriorate. Now that they are able to grow other crops and feed livestock, and are expected to do so, they haven't the equipment to do it with. This doesn't seem to impress rationing boards or production directors.

Farmers are conservative. They are not apt to ask for things that they don't need. In fact, their money income doesn't permit them to go on spending sprees. And they don't like government interference, even in the form of subsidies. Therefore, when they say they want certain types of machinery, you may be sure they downright need it.

Here are some of the things these Kansas farmers must have: cultivators, harrows, listers, mowers, corn-binders. And they must have them soon.

Remember, a farm is not a factory. If a factory is held up for material for a few months, it loses time, but can begin production when the material arrives. But if a farmer doesn't have a lister when it is time to plant corn, he just doesn't plant corn that season. Nor will the best lister on the market help matters a month or two too late. For growing corn is not an artificial process. It depends on the laws of nature, and according to those laws, there is a time for planting, a time for cultivating, and a time for harvesting. If the Government production boards want a maximum corn crop, they had better see to it that enough listers and cultivators are available to Kansas farmers in a very short time.

Mind you, the Kansas farmer is not making unreasonable demands on the war economy. The men with whom I met are eager to do all they can to make what they have go as far as it will. They are willing to exchange farm equipment with other counties in order to ensure a balanced distribution

of all types. They plan to keep their tractors busy and to extend their lives as long as possible. But in order to do this, they must have a service station for repairs. In the past they have traded in machinery when it began to wear out. Now they must repair it and keep it running. In this community there is neither a service station nor a trained mechanic equipped for repairing tractors and other types of farm machinery; so the local Farmers' Union agreed to open a cooperative service station. But when they went to Kansas City for tools, they were told that none were available for this purpose. Now, how in the world can the farmers keep up production if they can neither have new equipment nor have their old equipment repaired? You might as well tell a tank factory to increase production of tanks when its equipment is worn out and there is no way of replacing it.

I suppose all of this means very little to a man who has never worked on a farm. I have seen twenty men and several teams stand idle all afternoon because a corn-cutter broke down and there was no one at hand to repair it. This fall, tons of corn had to be scooped off trucks and later back onto them because the local sheller broke and had to be shipped off for welding. This means hours of labor wasted, and the farmer can't afford to waste labor now. This community simply must have tools, valve-grinders, presses and a good mechanic, if it is to do the job assigned to it. The same thing is true of every rural community.

Obviously this cannot be administered from beginning to end from a central office. Washington does not and cannot understand the problems of every rural community in the nation. Each local district must have its own board of farmers to decide what it must have and what it can offer to other communities. There should be State boards to coordinate these offers and requests and redistribute the supply on hand. From here on, there is place for national action. Reports should be sent to Washington; and where there is evidence of a shortage of any type of machinery, it should be released or manufactured and delivered without delay. The efficiency with which this business is dispatched will determine to a great extent the ability of the American farmer to meet the war-time production demands, and that in turn will have much to do with determining the stamina of America at war.

Add to this problem the manpower shortage on the farm, and you'll begin to understand why it is the Mid-Western farmer shakes his head when he reads of our plans to feed the world, manufacture for the world, and raise the world's largest armed force. He knows that Russia, with more acres and more manpower, has not been able to feed herself and that agrarian China is half-starved. He knows that coeds will never fill the boots of farm labor, no matter how optimistic *Life's* news camera becomes. And as each day of hard work comes to an end with the bedding-down of the last cow, he knows that he is growing older. Don't be hard on him. He is not a defeatist. He just places a premium on common sense.

WAR IN CHINA AND INDIA PIVOTS ON BURMA ROAD

H. G. QUARITCH WALES

(GEOGRAPHICAL NOTE.—The main body of Burma is, very roughly, a diamond-shaped country, with the longer dimension running north and south. The northwest side bounds on the Assam province of India; the northeast, on Yunnan province, China; the southeast, on Thailand and Indo-China; and the southwest, on the Bay of Bengal. It is about 750 miles long by 570 broad, and is some quarter of a million square miles in area—as large, say, as Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana and Ohio put together. The population exceeds fourteen million.

The chief river is the Irrawaddy, running north and south, navigable for nine hundred miles.

Rangoon is at the southern end of the country. Arakan is the coastal strip on the Bay of Bengal, opposite India, with Akyab a little north of its center, some four or five hundred air miles from Calcutta, on the east coast of India. The Andaman Islands are south and east of the southern tip. *Ed.*)

THOUGH the pace may seem slow and the strategic pattern as yet scarcely discernible to the uninitiated, we are now definitely witnessing the opening moves in a great Allied offensive designed to drive the Japanese out of Burma and to restore the land link between India and China.

Both Lieut. General Joseph Stilwell and General Sir Archibald Wavell have long given us to understand that they intend to retrieve the loss of Burma at the earliest opportunity. "Ever since we lost Burma, I have been planning its reoccupation," said the latter some time ago. But he hastened to add the caution that "you can see by studying the map what a difficult problem it is." Now the very best confirmation of the view that big developments in this war theatre are at last at hand is to be found in the Japanese recognition that they are soon going to be challenged to defend their spoils. In beginning an attack on China's Yunnan province this winter, they have indicated that they hope to eliminate any Chinese threat to their rear in time to turn all their available forces to meet the growing menace in the West.

The reconquest of Burma hinges essentially on the successful invasion of the Irrawaddy Delta, the chief objective being the recapture of Rangoon. It is as a stepping-stone in this direction that the drive down the Arakan coastal strip must be regarded. With the air-base of Akyab in our hands, possibly to be soon followed by the reoccupation of the Andaman islands, it will be time to begin the

intensive softening up of Rangoon, as well as the subsidiary ports of Bassein and Moulmein, by systematic bombing.

This land advance down the coast is not likely to be pushed far beyond Akyab. Not only is Arakan the most malarious district in Burma, and the terrain a morass of mangrove swamps and unbridged waterways, but south of Akyab the jungle-clad Arakan Yoma mountains, reaching down to the edge of the sea, would interpose an almost insuperable obstacle. The invasion proper must come by sea, and here again, as a base for the aerial umbrella that will protect our convoys, the possession of Akyab will prove invaluable.

The sea-borne expedition, with appropriate naval escort, will be prepared in Calcutta. Hence we may expect heavier Japanese bombing of this great city and port. However, the Allied air superiority is already so marked that it is not likely that enemy efforts will be likely seriously to interfere with the preparations.

With the capture of Rangoon, the rice plains of the delta across which run the main lines of communication to the north, as well as the newly opened route from Thailand to the east, would lie exposed to attack. Until the rains begin next May, all this area will be dry and hard, as ideal a terrain for mechanized warfare as the rolling deserts of Libya. For the first time, the American and British forces will meet the Japanese in pitched battle on the continent of Asia under conditions in which they can bring home to the enemy their new-found air and armored superiority.

While emphasizing the essential character of this sea-borne invasion of the Irrawaddy delta, to which the preliminary moves so definitely point, it should perhaps be stressed that this is because the nature of the terrain on the long land frontier separating India from Burma is such that no general land offensive is feasible. The Chin Hills, running the length of the Assam border, are a more difficult barrier than the mountains between Thailand and Burma, as the Japanese probably realized when they refrained from attempting to push further west. In fact there are only two tracks of any sort that cross the Chin Hills, a cart-track leading through Manipur, and the difficult path from the upper Chindwin area by which the retreating Chinese division managed to reach the Assam rail-head. It is probable that Allied efforts on the whole of this long land frontier will be confined to occupy-

ing these passes, so as to prevent any Japanese effort to outflank the drive into Arakan.

Thus jungle warfare, previously so closely associated with fighting in Burma, may loom less largely, except in the Arakan coastal strip, than heretofore. It is not that there is any reason to suppose that the Chinese forces trained by Lieut. General Joseph Stilwell, or the Indian Army, have been any more backward in mastering the art than have the United Nations' forces who have turned the tables on the enemy in recent fighting in the Solomons and New Guinea. But jungle warfare is apt to be prolonged and indecisive, since the cover available prevents the full use of aircraft. It is therefore obviously to the United Nations' advantage to seek a decision on the open plains around Rangoon.

The turn of events that has made a sea-borne invasion possible is a natural corollary of American naval victories in the Southwest Pacific. Previously, one could not seriously contemplate such an attack on Rangoon because, with the enemy able to dispose of heavy naval forces based on Singapore, our sea-lines of communication would have been exposed to continual attack by Japanese surface-craft as well as submarines. Now there is every reason to suppose that the Japanese are no longer in a position to risk a large proportion of their naval strength in the Bay of Bengal.

Then there is the supply question, which in the past half-year has improved vastly so far as the Allies are concerned. During the last few months, matériel of all kinds, but especially planes and tanks that cannot be made in India, have been pouring into India. More recently, the Russian successes have removed any immediate threat to the Middle East, so that a large proportion of available supplies, including oil from the Persian Gulf fields, can be spared for a Burma offensive.

Contrast all this with the deterioration in the Japanese position. The mounting toll exacted on their merchant marine has obliged them to throw an increasing burden on the very inferior overland route running through Indo-China and Thailand. They are believed, moreover, to have at their disposal at present less than half a million troops in the whole of continental Southeastern Asia. Once Rangoon is captured, they will be entirely dependent on reinforcement by air or on the new road from Bangkok to Central Burma. For oil, they may have little more readily available than the products of the Bangkok refinery. The Thai capital is thus seen to be a key point, and its recent bombing is significant.

In their anxiety to forestall a deadly two-direction attack, the Japanese a few weeks ago launched their Yunnan offensive. It was no doubt a most inconvenient juncture for them, having their hands so full elsewhere. Their main objective is to capture Kunming in the near future, a move which, if successful, would be a serious blow to Chinese resistance and would certainly go far toward preventing their collaboration in the coming Burma offensive. Already the aerial supply-line to China, capable of bringing China only a part of the supplies

she so badly needs, is operating under increasing difficulty. The fine winter weather obliges the freighter-craft to operate under reduced load, in order to fly high enough to escape the attention of Japanese fighters based on hidden air-fields in the jungly northern tip of Burma. The retention of Kunming as a refueling station is essential to the maintenance of this air-ferry service. Its loss would reduce China's part to an almost static role, at least for the time being. It would enable the Japanese with impunity to turn the whole of their forces in Southeastern Asia toward the West.

The Japanese drive for the capture of Kunming seems to be developing primarily from bases in the Shan States, which are backed by fair communications with Central Thailand. It is directed against the Chinese army holding the line of the Burma Road. The Yunnan country, which separates the Japanese from their goal, is slashed with gorges and ravines. But, since the main mountain ranges run north and south, there is perhaps nothing definitely prohibitive about the terrain. The time factor and the very determined resistance that the Chinese, to the best of their limited resources, are certain to put up, are considerations that are forcing the Japanese to try an enveloping movement.

To this end, the Japanese are attempting to outflank the Chinese line by advancing from Tengyueh, the advance base just inside western Yunnan that they took before the last monsoon put an end to fighting in this region, and which they have since been consolidating. Here the terrain is intensely difficult. Even should they cross the upper Salween gorge in force, the enemy would still have before them forbidding ranges on either side of the Mekong valley. But they probably believe that to press on with this well-nigh staggering task gives them the best hope of forestalling the Allied offensive from the West.

Meanwhile our flying fortresses are giving the Chinese what help they can by the repeated long-distance bombing of Tengyueh, in addition to such important Japanese-held key points and communication centers in Central Burma as Mandalay, Lashio, Bhamo and Myitkyina. This should be helpful in disorganizing the rear of the enemy's advance into Yunnan.

It would seem likely that the moment when the preliminary phase of the Allied Burma offensive may be expected to culminate on the lines suggested, is linked with the North-African situation. Despite the reserves accumulated in India, once large-scale operations begin in Burma, material will be used up at a much faster rate than it can be replenished by the long journey around South Africa. The reopening of the Mediterranean route will mean that both material supplies and American and British reinforcements can be brought to the Burma front sufficiently rapidly to sustain a major campaign. Then, before the coming of the next monsoon, we may expect to see the Japanese in Burma caught in a relentless nutcracker. The outcome will not only be the reestablishment of the Burma Road, but the opening of a great second front in Asia.

SWEDES EYE AXIS AND KEEP POWDER DRY

MAURICE FELDMAN



THREE events have taken place recently which are most significant, not only for the neutrality of Sweden, but also for the further development of World War II.

1. Attacks in the German press and radio against Sweden, accompanied by troop movements on the Swedish border.

2. Reported replacement of German Ambassador Prince Victor von und zu Wied, by Dr. Hans Thomsen, former *chargé d'affaires* in Washington.

3. The alarming speech, made recently by the Swedish Prime Minister, Per Albin Hansson, in which he clearly stated that Sweden would fight to the bitter end if attacked.

The Swedes are afraid that an Allied landing in Northern Norway or Finland may cause the Germans to demand the passage of their troops to secure better communications with Northern Norway and Finland. There is also a possibility that the Germans might anticipate such a move on the side of the Allies and attack Sweden, which is completely surrounded by the Nazis. The determination to resist, and the preparations of the Swedish people for such an attack are so strong, that it would be no blitzkrieg in Sweden. In such a case, Sweden would count on help from the United Nations.

The Swedes have at the moment about 600,000 well armed troops at their disposal. The Swedish air-force has about 50 squadrons of fighter, bomber and reconnaissance planes, along with 487 operating aircraft and a tremendous reserve. The Swedish Navy may become the decisive factor in the Baltic Sea. In a dispatch from Stockholm, the New York *Times* correspondent, George Axelson, says:

Sweden has a thousand-mile land frontier and as many miles of coast to defend. The task will not become any easier with the Russians bursting the German ring around Leningrad, thus opening up the possibility of the Soviet steam-roller flattening Finland through the Karelian Isthmus approach, and pushing the Germans in the south far enough to establish submarine bases on the Estonian coast—a position which would create new dangers for Sweden by the intensification of naval warfare in the Baltic.

The Royal Swedish Navy has at present 8 battleships, 2 cruisers, 1 airplane-carrier, 25 destroyers, 16 motor torpedo boats, 32 submarines, 1 mine-layer, 18 fleet mine-sweepers, 84 mine-sweepers and submarine chasers, 12 depôt and mother ships. There are also about 125 naval auxiliary vessels.

Under construction are two cruisers, *Gösta Lejon* and *Tre Kroner*, three large destroyers and motor torpedo boats. Some of them have already been finished.

The air-raid shelters are provided with air-conditioning equipment, and are up to date so far as

sanitary installations are concerned. Already organized are a large Air-Raid Warden Corps, Home Defense Unit, and 110,000 women serving as auxiliary forces.

Sweden's determined refusal to yield to further German demands was also shown on the occasion of the German-Swedish trade negotiations. At that time the Swedish Government refused to grant Germany any further credits, and iron-ore deliveries to Germany will be decreased in 1943 by about ten per cent. The bargaining strength of Sweden was not due to Swedish iron ore which, since the occupation of the Lorraine mines, has become of secondary importance to Germany, but rather to Swedish wood. Sweden's strong position results from the fact that she holds a monopoly in certain kinds of rare wood. Sweden does not export, directly or indirectly, any products to Germany which may be considered war materials. As far as iron ore is concerned, Sweden, before the Norwegian campaign started, made an agreement with Great Britain by which she obligated herself to deliver the same quantity of iron ore to Great Britain as to Germany. When the blockade made deliveries to Great Britain impossible, Sweden made a new agreement with Britain about her iron-ore deliveries to Nazi Germany. This agreement states that Sweden is free to deliver the same amount of iron ore to Germany as in the years before 1939. The export figures since then have been as follows:

1938	9,872,000 tons
1939	11,292,000 "
1940	9,285,000 "
1941	9,477,000 "
1942	8,200,000 "

About seventy per cent of Sweden's foreign trade is with Germany. So far as the import of coal and coke is concerned, Sweden is entirely dependent on the Nazis.

Beside their trade agreements with the Nazis, the Swedes were also forced to make certain compromises regarding their neutrality policy. The Swedish Government permitted the Germans the passage of one division from Norway to Finland. Furthermore, according to Mr. Martin Kastengren, Consul General of Sweden, an "agreement concluded between the Swedish and German Governments in the beginning of July, 1940, three weeks after the cessation of hostilities in Norway, provides for transport of unarmed German soldiers on leave from Norway to Germany and their return. The men travel without arms, in sealed cars, and under armed Swedish supervision. The number of those returning can never exceed that of those who left Norway through Sweden."

In spite of Sweden's willingness to compromise with the Nazis if there is a chance not to be dragged into the war, there is a certain limit of patience.

The entire Swedish press is writing against Nazism, and makes no secret of the fact that the Swedish people would like to see a United Nations victory. The conference at Casablanca, the progress of the Allied armies in Russia and Africa, are enthusiastically welcomed by the Swedish press. The

Swedes hope that after the war they will resume their trade relations with the Western world, especially with the United States and Great Britain.

There are no official "plans" regarding Sweden's post-war role. But the Swedes are discussing at present the idea of a Scandinavian Union (Finland, Denmark, Norway and Sweden), linked to Great Britain and the United States. It appears likely that a joint foreign policy will be proposed which would involve defense, trade, tariffs and money, and would have an effect on internal social conditions as well as other far-reaching consequences. Scandinavia's fate was also discussed by the English weekly *Economist*, which said that it would be of benefit if the United Nations issued a joint declaration assuring the integrity of the four Scandinavian nations. Such a declaration would be welcomed.

Sweden's economic situation today is still better than that of any other European country. Sweden, which had maintained the highest standard of living until 1940, and had practically no unemployment, had to ration all foodstuffs with the exception of milk and vegetables. The daily bread ration has been seven and two-thirds ounces per person. Swedes do not get tea, coffee, cocoa at all. The egg ration remains at one egg per week for each person. The official cost-of-living index, based on reports from thirty cities and the budget of a working-man's family of three, shows a fifty per cent increase over 1939. A ton of coal, for instance, used to cost twenty *Kronor* and now costs eighty *Kronor*. The war has brought heavy taxes, too. Sweden levies a sales tax of from five to six per cent on every article sold, with the exception of potatoes, and a forty per cent war tax on luxuries.

The occupation of Norway and Denmark by the Nazis, and the developments in these countries, are being followed by the Swedes with extraordinary interest. The daily press reports what is going on in Norway, and the indignant Swedes detest Quisling and admire the Norwegians' resistance.

"Nothing could arouse Swedish opposition to the so-called 'New Order' in Europe more strongly than the suppression of justice and individual rights in Norway," says Alfred Oeste, Foreign Editor of the conservative *Svenska Dagbladet*. He continues:

While as a rule, the Swedish press is careful about expressing decided opinions in foreign affairs, it does not hesitate to denounce Quisling in the plainest possible language. Even in the *Riksdag*, the same disapproval is heard; and it is well known that the Government has several times intervened in Berlin on behalf of Norway.

Norwegian refugees are still coming into Sweden, and the Red Cross is extending assistance in spite of Quisling's announcement that Norway dislikes Sweden's aid. While the situation in Denmark is different, the Swedes joyfully observe how the Danes have unanimously united around their King and have, at least hitherto, resisted all Nazi rule in civil life.

As for the Swedish attitude toward Finland, the situation is different from that of the Finnish-Russian war in 1939-40. Now opinion in Sweden is divided on whether Finland was justified in her second war effort.

No one can guarantee the future; but, whatever comes, Sweden will face it with courage.

REX VS. SAINT JOAN: STOUT PROSECUTING

EDGAR R. SMOTHERS

REX STOUT recently permitted himself the following assertion: "There was nothing ugly about the fierce light that blazed in the eyes of Joan of Arc and she called the emotion behind it by its right name. She called it hate." (*The New York Times*, February 4.)

For many reasons, the quarrel of Joan of Arc ought never to be declined. I do not know whether Mr. Stout's lance is an illustrious one; but it must be broken. Not hatred, but a blend, eminently Christian, of valor and forbearance characterized the spirit of Saint Joan. Her letter summoning the English to surrender at Orleans is an illustration of this. Beginning with her cherished invocation, "Jesus, Mary," she calls upon the captains of the enemy to vacate their ill-gotten holdings in France. She is "ready to make peace, if you will do what is right." Then she addresses their troops, "*compagnons de guerre gentils*": "Go back, in God's name, to your land." Then, the King: "If your men are not willing to yield, I shall bring death on them all; and if they are willing to yield, I shall show them mercy." At the end, she expresses the hope that the English and the French, together, may yet "achieve the greatest good that has ever been achieved for Christianity." (Jules Quicherat, *Procès de condamnation et de réhabilitation de Jeanne d'Arc*, V, 95 ff.)

Of all the enemy occupying Orleans, the Maid had a personal and bitter score against Glasdale, who commanded the Bridge Tower. At the height of the attack in which he was to lose his life, she cried out, "Glasdale, Glasdale! Yield thee, yield thee to the King of Heaven! You called me harlot; but I have great pity on your soul and the souls of your company!" (Quicherat, III, 110. I have quoted Andrew Lang's translation, *The Maid of France*, p. 138.)

Louis de Contes, military page of Joan, reports her high indignation when she was not given the vanguard in pursuing the English from Beaugency. She set great store, he says, on leading the advance. But after the battle, which cost the enemy heavily, "she was most pitiful at so great a slaughter; and when a Frenchman led some English captives by, and knocked one of them over the head, so that he was half killed, Joan, seeing this, dismounted from her horse, and had the Englishman shriven, while she held his head, and comforted him all she could." (Quicherat, III, 71 f.)

The packed court at Rouen that condemned Joan was evidently bent on proving precisely the charge of hatred. In the course of the trial she was asked whether she had knowledge that her patron saints,

Catharine and Margaret, hated the English. "They love what God loves," she answered, "and hate what God hates." "Does God hate the English?" her sharp questioners urged. She replied that she knew nothing of the love or the hate God had for the English, or of what He would do to them as regards their souls. "But she knows well," so the acts proceed, "that they will be driven out of France, except those who remain to die; and that God will send victory to the French over the English." (Quicherat, I, 178.)

Perhaps Mr. Stout can do better than the hostile court was able to do. He is invited to submit chapter and verse for his imputation of hatred to the victim. The best I have found for his purpose is her pungent reply when she was asked if there were Burgundians in Domrémy, when she was a child. The Burgundians were the avowed partisans of the English. Joan answered that she knew only one Burgundian there; she would have liked to see him beheaded—that is, if this were pleasing to God! The pacifists, I fear, could hardly approve of this. She was asked further whether her Voices taught her to hate the Burgundians. "After she understood that her Voices were for the King of France," she said, "she did not love the Burgundians." (Quicherat, I, 65 f.)

One of Joan's shining replies, and decisive against Mr. Stout, had to do with her standard and her sword. On the standard were the lilies of France, two angels guarding the world, and the names of Jesus and Mary. Which did she prefer, the standard or the sword?

She replied that she loved her standard much more, forty times more, than she loved her sword. . . . She said further that she herself carried the standard when attacking the enemy, to avoid killing anyone; and that she had never killed a human being. (Quicherat, I, 78.)

Joan of Arc has suffered many things at the hands of men of letters; but she has found incomparable champions among them. Of the various imaginative interpretations of her life, perhaps none surpasses in spiritual insight Charles Péguy's *Mystère de la Charité de Jeanne d'Arc*. The charity of St. Joan—that is the key! Péguy sought to pierce the ultimate secret of her inspiration. He found it in her love, her burning love. First, in her love of God: *Dieu premier servi*, God first of all. Then, in her love of souls, of Christendom, of France. It is among other things because Saint Joan believed that men have souls as well as bodies, spiritual, immortal souls, that she could never in the strict and proper sense of the term hate a human being, ruthlessly wish it ill. In the fallen ethics of materialism one can come to that.

The mystery of charity in this most authentic Saint was too pure, too intense a flame to burn with the fumes of hate. It so transformed a simple peasant girl that she could lead her men of arms to victory; and in defeat and captivity surmount both the triumph of her enemies and the defection of her friends; and endure her body's burning at the stake. Today, after five hundred years, it makes her the patron Saint of the military virtues.

GUARDING OUR 'TEEN-AGE SOLDIERS

JOHN WILTBYE



THE relation of mathematical formulae to the ability of a man to hold his liquor has always made my head buzz. From 1920 until 1933, the Congress of the United States, fortified by the Supreme Court, taught that any beverage containing alcohol in excess of one-half of one per cent could evoke visions of pink elephants and large coiling serpents.

But there was a later Federal teaching that no beverage was capable of preparing an American citizen to fill a drunkard's grave, as long as it kept on this side of an alcoholic content of 3.2. All through our glorious history, the learned, as well as the experienced, have disagreed on the definition of an intoxicating drink. In my youth, a very common opinion in Kentucky held that if a liquor would cause a rabbit to turn on his pursuer and mangle him, it was intoxicating; otherwise it might be imbibed by natives with impunity. This definition is, perhaps, a trifle loose, but, at that, it is about as accurate as the old definition of one-half of one per cent.

Probably that is why, in his recent order, the Chief of Staff of the Army, General George C. Marshall, takes a middle course. Henceforth, no beverage will be considered intoxicating as long as it keeps within the modest bounds of the 3.2 alcoholic limit. The effect of this order is that no stronger beverage will be permitted in any camp, bar, inn, hotel, or other premises owned or controlled by the Army, and the ban applies to officers as well as to the men. The protection of our 'teen-age soldiers undoubtedly prompted the issuing of this order.

But a greater menace is drawing nearer to these boys, and silence will make the danger infinitely worse.

When the thousands of young men began to march into our military camps, the authorities made a great to-do about the efficacy of various chemical devices to protect the men from the diseases contracted in casual sexual contacts. Whatever may have been the good intentions of the officials, the general effect of this program has been to make the young soldier believe that the real evil is not in dishonoring womanhood and himself by licentiousness, but in contracting a disease.

The system is not working well. It can never work to the satisfaction of any man who refuses to agree that this desecration of womanhood, even when represented by some pitiful Lais or Phryne in a hovel, can be passed over without censure. As time goes on, it becomes more apparent that this attempt to solve a very grave problem by chemical and physical devices is a failure.

It is painful to learn that in no district in the country, in the vicinity of a large camp, are conditions satisfactory, and that in some they are scandalous. In the first week of February, nearly a thousand delegates representing the Army, the Navy, the Federal Public Health Service, the New York State and City Departments of Health, and other associations, met in New York to discuss these conditions. One conclusion, nothing less than shocking, is that the professional vendors of vice are losing their market to young girls supposed to be objects of parental care. "Go to the Mall in Central Park," said an Army officer, "and see for yourself." I have not visited the Mall, but on one of my infrequent trips to mid-town New York, I recently walked down Broadway from Fiftieth Street to Times Square, a distance of eight short blocks. In broad daylight, mere children loitered in shop doorways and at corners, waiting to be picked up by passing soldiers and sailors. It was my observation that few of them had to wait long. That conditions are better at night is improbable.

It has been ascertained by the police that many of these children come from homes in which there is neither a father nor a mother, and also that many are diseased. They have not been orphaned by death or divorce, but by fathers working in factories at night and mothers by day. Briefly, they are products of homes that have been wrecked more completely by a short-sighted labor policy than by one of Hitler's bombs.

We cannot hope to protect the 'teen-age soldier against these waifs and victims of the street by devising for him a series of more effective prophylactics. Even if we could devise them, are we to have no thought for these poor children?

The whole country is geared to protect our homes and our way of life against a military enemy. But we are not going to win a victory worth having, if we come back from this war to a country of homes wrecked by vice. They alone win wars who win them by the sword of the spirit.

Alcoholism and promiscuity must not be suffered to ruin our 'teen-age soldiers. In defending them, it is necessary to issue military orders, of a sternly prohibitory nature, intended to keep the young soldier from evil contacts. But mere negation is not enough.

This Government provides for Chaplains more generously than any other Government. But I hear reports that Catholic boys in the Army and Navy cannot hear Mass for months at a time because there is no Catholic Chaplain, and other reports that boys cannot get to confession, except on rare occasions, because there is only one priest for as many as 3,000 Catholic soldiers. The Government does not yet seem to realize that the ordinary spiritual ministries of a priest are far more numerous and time-consuming than those of the non-Catholic Chaplain.

It does not become me to meddle in these grave matters. But what I hear from parents convinces me that if we are to protect our 'teen-age soldiers we need more, many more, Catholic Chaplains. Nothing can possibly take their place.

LENT is late this year. To be frank about it, Lent is dated as late as the calendar will permit. Ash Wednesday is on March 10; Easter, which comes on April 25, may quite likely see a real, not a merely mathematical Spring; Ascension Day is June 3; and Pentecost is mid-month, June 13. Strangest of all, the Feast of the Nativity of Saint John the Baptist, June 24, one of the calendar's greatest and oldest Feasts, must give place to Corpus Christi on that same date.

The year 1946 will see Lent beginning on March 6; the same in 1957, and 1962 will go a day better, March 7; but when this year's arrangement is repeated, this writer, at least, hopes to be safe in the land where no more calendars are needed.

Never again in my lifetime, and quite probably in yours, shall we see the strange phenomenon as it affects the whole series of February's eight "empty" days, from February 13 to 20 inclusive, save for February 18, Saint Simeon. Ordinarily the alternative to a "black" (Requiem) Mass on these days is the violet Mass of the Lenten ferials—each with its own wonderful and instructive Epistle and Gospel. This year the whole series fell outside of Lent. The alternative was the green Mass of the preceding Sunday, or the white Mass, on the two Saturdays, of Our Lady.

Perhaps you may say: why bring this up? I confess to a compelling reason, which is an unbounded enthusiasm for a late Lent and a late Easter. This is best understood if you live in the country.

In a rural parish, Lent is the season when the Faithful emerge from their ecclesiastical hibernation. On Ash Wednesday you heat the church up on a week-day for the first time since Candlemas, which marked the end of the Christmas season. From then on, week-day church services and devotions are in full swing.

Obviously, the more the weather can cooperate with the Lenten program, the more souls will benefit by it. Lent is an ancient Saxon word which means Spring. The romantic, poetic German word for Spring is *Lenz*, from the same origin. Fasting and self-denial, alms-giving and increase of fervent prayer and devotion, daily attendance at Holy Mass, participation in the Holy Week ceremonies, all are greatly aided when done in the cheerful atmosphere of Spring. When Easter is late, the wisdom of the Holy Spirit shines forth, which plans that the joy of the Resurrection shall be pictured by the natural joy of the season.

This year's Lenten ashes are blended with tears, sorrows, bereavements; they are mixed with the agony of millions ground in the mills of the war. But they are mixed, too, with hopes which are closer and more tangible than they were a year ago. Since the Holy Spirit, Master of the Church calendar, has provided us with this late beginning, it seems to me we should mix our own Lenten ashes with the resolve to spend this Lent more diligently than any Lent we have known before. We may never have just *such* a Lent again. J. L. F.

ANARCHY OR ORDER?

EDITOR

LINCOLN DAY was chosen by the Soviet Embassy in Washington to put into circulation an ominous editorial from *Pravda*, withdrawing the fate of the Baltic republics, Lithuania, Latvia and Esthonia, from any post-war consideration.

These states were "taken over" by Russia in 1940. They were independent states at international law, members of the League of Nations; and Russia implicitly acknowledged their status by accepting membership in the League.

Now, according to *Pravda*, they no longer exist. Three independent states have vanished from the earth. And the world is warned, politely, no doubt, but firmly, that inquiries as to their fate are not in order. Their future welfare is now the sole care of the U.S.S.R. Says *Pravda* ". . . the basic law of our country—the Constitution of the U.S.S.R.—has fixed the ties between these republics and the other union republics." Russia has spoken; the case is closed.

This is nothing else, to speak bluntly, than a slap in the face to all who seek a stable world order, based on international law and international co-operation. It is not as though the matter were beyond question. The Soviet Government knows that its absorption of the Baltic republics has caused uneasiness in every part of the world. Two of the greatest belligerents, the United States and Great Britain, have never given Russia's occupation official recognition. They have kept the question open; and they recognized it as a problem for post-war settlement.

Now there will be no settlement. Or rather, the settlement has been made. Russia has thrown international law overboard and returned to international anarchy.

The whole idea of international law, of which the League was a poor and struggling representative, but nevertheless a representative, is that there is a law external to the states in a dispute to which their quarrel may be referred. If each state is to be the sole judge of the validity of its own actions, if a state, let alone three, can vanish from the roll-call of independent nations, and no one may protest, we are thrown back, not merely twenty-five years, but twenty-five centuries. In his Lincoln Day speech Mr. Roosevelt denounced the attempts of Axis propagandists to drive a wedge between the United Nations. Considering the Atlantic Charter (subscribed to by Russia), considering Mr. Roosevelt's continual solicitude for the rights of nations and international order, considering his inclusion of these three states in his appeal to Hitler on April 15, 1939, one must feel that *Pravda* has done a better job than most Axis propagandists.

The world is in travail for the second time in a generation. Disappointed by the first birth, men have been hoping for a better world to emerge from this agony. But if *Pravda's* claim goes unchallenged, if three nations can disappear and no questions asked, then may all lovers of liberty despair, for chaos is come again.

INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY

GREAT interest attaches to the report, issued January 7, of the sub-committee on Industrial Democracy of the Sword of the Spirit movement in Great Britain. Although it is merely an interim report, it clearly indicates where British Catholics stand in their analysis of today's society and their planning for the future.

The preamble of the report is uncompromising in its insistence upon a profound and far-reaching industrial reform. "The experience of the past century shows that . . . we have to organize a new society in which particular interests will be subordinated to the general good, so that the individual may be secure in his right to live his life as God intended that he should." And it continues:

The industrial system of the nineteenth century has permeated our life with false values and material standards, forgetting that man does not live by bread alone. It is only in proportion as we replace material by spiritual values and individual gain by service of our neighbor, which is true citizenship, that we shall succeed in making a world fit to live in for ourselves and for our children.

The sub-committee recommends a definite Plan of Action. At the forefront of this plan is the establishment of Councils of Industry, representing management (including ownership), technicians and workers. Members of the Council will be the employers' associations and the trade unions concerned. Their scope will be to create a "working partnership of all concerned in the industry," by framing broad policies, looking after the welfare and protecting the just family wage of the workers, by regulating the prices and quality of goods. The "small man," too, is to be protected, including small business. Consumers' interests are to be watched by the state, which will "intervene where necessary."

"Except as necessary to protect the consumer, the state will limit itself to supporting and assisting the industrial organizations proposed," and to seeing that both labor and capital "look for the common good and not for particular interests."

Factories, finance, agriculture, expansion and world distribution of wealth, etc., are other matters considered. The British Catholics have taken a good step.

GOD AND COUNTRY

WRITING in the *Catholic Times*, of Liverpool, the Rev. Edward Warner, S.J., C.F., tells of a movement of great importance which has been initiated in the British military camps. Some months ago, a plan for the religious instruction of the troops, as part of their regular military training, was proposed. So successful was this project, wherever tried, that it is gradually spreading among the forces. One hour weekly is provided for religious instruction by the Chaplain, and the men are encouraged to take part in the discussion period which follows.

Up to the present, reports Chaplain Warner, the greatest difficulty which the Catholic instruction hour has met is the lack of Catholic Chaplains. As a consequence, it has been possible to give the instruction only in certain areas in which the Catholic representation among the troops is large.

A similar plan has been tried in our own military posts, but with us, as with our English brethren, the prime difficulty has been want of a sufficient number of Chaplains. Perhaps this difficulty could be met, at least in some localities, by an arrangement with the commanding officers which would permit priests, not military Chaplains, but drawn from near-by parishes, to instruct the men. It might even be possible to give these auxiliaries some semi-official status, such as that which was enjoyed by the Knights of Columbus Chaplains in the first World War. As a rule, the work of our Catholic Chaplains is so heavy that only in exceptional circumstances can they undertake to add to it this weekly hour of formal instruction and discussion.

According to a dispatch in the *New York Times* for February 9, Mr. Francis P. Matthews, Supreme Knight of the Knights of Columbus, is now abroad, investigating the needs of the American Expeditionary Forces. Until he makes his report to the ecclesiastical authorities, comment would be impertinent, yet it may be observed that the Knights of Columbus of Canada, are actively ministering to the Canadian troops abroad. Is it too much to hope that, under the direction of our Bishops, the American Knights will be able to devise some plan to aid the work of our military Chaplains, here and abroad?

POLITICS AS USUAL

IN Britain the absorbing game of politics has been almost completely adjourned for the duration. Here, contrary to the prophecies of certain prominent persons, Congressional elections were held last November, and actually resulted in a victory for the opposition. The campaign of 1944 has already begun, and much work is going on behind the scenes. Business as usual may be out, but not politics. And that raises a highly critical problem.

As the strongest nation in the world, we shall be confronted, as soon as the firing ceases, with an issue so grave and far-reaching in its effects that the future of the world for years to come will depend on the way we deal with it. If we use our great power wisely, the nations may enjoy peace and security indefinitely; if we do not, they may bleed to death in a succession of frightful wars.

It is very necessary, therefore, that the question of the post-war world be approached in a national, and not a partisan, spirit. We must analyze it, discuss it, argue it, not as Democrats and Republicans primarily interested in the welfare of our parties, but as Democrats and Republicans primarily interested in America. Otherwise we run the risk of repeating 1920 all over again.

But what about "politics-as-usual"? What about the Presidential election of 1944?

No one of any importance has yet suggested that this election be postponed, and in all probability no one will. That election must be held, and will be held. Any other course would constitute such a threat to democracy among us, and so divide our people, that if the war were not won by that time, it is not nice to contemplate what might happen.

On the other hand, the election involves dangers also. If it is needlessly partisan, if the campaign is based on appeals to prejudice and emotion, on "debaters' points" and not on honest argument, if personalities and epithets become the issue instead of simple, honestly stated platforms, dire consequences will surely result. After the last war, it will be remembered, Lloyd George carried the 1918 General Election in Britain on a "Hang the Kaiser" platform. At Versailles, as a result, he found himself committed to a "peace" of hatred and revenge. Unless the election of 1944 is conducted on a high plane, our politicians may find themselves similarly handcuffed.

At the present moment, the prospects for a constructive campaign are not over-hopeful. If certain happenings of the past week are an indication of what is to come, 1944 may turn out to be the year in which we won the war and lost the peace.

Consider first of all the appearance of *Victory*, a very expensive magazine published by the Office of War Information to counter Axis propaganda abroad. That is a very worthy purpose and, because the purpose is worthy, every effort should be made to avoid partisan politics. Yet, the very first issue carried an account of the President which contains some very biased and controversial statements. Mr. Roosevelt's victory over Mr.

Hoover in 1932 is attributed to the fact that the country was weary of "reactionaries." The New Deal is eulogized as "just the program which could save the country from chaos." It is called a great success. Confronted with these statements, even Elmer Davis, head of OWI, conceded that they were "indefensible" in a publication paid for by the taxes of Democrats and Republicans alike.

A second, and equally glaring, example of how not to conduct the 1944 campaign was the maiden speech of Clare Boothe Luce of Connecticut in the House of Representatives. Referring to Vice President Wallace's ideas of international collaboration in the post-war world, she sweepingly dismissed them with a smart word coined especially for the occasion. She called his thinking "globaloney." Very clever, no doubt, but very cheap and undemocratic, too. Mr. Wallace has presented his views on the post-war world with intelligence, dignity and seriousness. He has a right to expect his opponents to observe similar canons of debate.

Alfred Landon, Republican candidate for the Presidency in 1936, was likewise guilty of a serious lapse from high standards of political controversy. In an address at a Lincoln Day dinner in Omaha, Mr. Landon flatly accused the Administration in general, and Mr. Wallace in particular, of attempting to Nazify the United States. The following passage illustrates his peculiar manner of proof.

On January 24, Wallace said: "The spirit of competition will and must continue to be one of our main forces. We can have full employment in this country without destroying private initiative, private capital or private enterprise. Government can and must accept the major responsibilities for filling in whatever gaps business leaves."

This sounds very well.

However, on September 14, 1936, another mystic—but one with more "umph"—said: "Germany will guard jealously the principle of private enterprise. I will never permit the bureaucratization of German industry. I am convinced that there must be competition to bring the best to the top."

"Of course," the Nazi dictator continued, "when ever private interests clash with the interests of the nation, the good of the community must come before profits to the individual."

With the Vice President and Hitler thus invidiously juxtaposed, Mr. Landon, conceding that "as generalities, these statements both sound all right," demanded to know "where is the guarantee that Wallace and his fellow travelers will not lead us down the same disastrous primrose path which Hitler has led his people?"

If this kind of misleading oratory is what we can expect from now on, Mr. Landon's opponents are going to be in a dismal position, indeed. Should they chance, in some speech or other, to implore the assistance of Almighty God, some one will be sure to find a similar invocation in a talk of Hitler's and raise the cry of Nazism.

This Review has no interest in partisan politics. It is, however, very much interested in having the 1944 campaign conducted on a high and enlightening level. It wants the American people to have a chance to choose their President intelligently and to determine with their eyes fully open the future course of our democracy.

SOWING OUR FIELDS

CITY folk may find some difficulty in the parable contained in our Gospel (Saint Luke, viii, 4-15), but when Our Lord told it, He was talking to people who understood very well that one part of a field might be better than another. Individual holdings were not large in those days in that part of the world, but it would sometimes happen that the soil in a man's acres would be thin here and there, and that it might have corners admirably fitted for crops of thorns and brambles, but not for wheat or for any useful product. Moreover, many of these fields were crossed by a path or "wayside," used not only by the owner, but by anyone who found it convenient. It was of such a field that Jesus spoke.

But even to those among us who have little knowledge of agriculture, ancient or modern, the meaning of the parable is clear. The seed sown in the field is "the word of God," that is, the grace of God communicated to us by the Holy Spirit, not only through the preaching of the Gospel, but through prayer, the Sacraments, good works, or any other channel which the Spirit may deign to use. God gives us His grace in abundance; in fact, the whole history of God's dealing with man is a story of God, all-loving and all-merciful, giving to man. Unfortunately, it is also a story of so many of God's children turning away from this Divine bounty to feed upon husks.

In different ways, do we turn from it. Some of us have souls as hard as the long-trodden wayside, and in them the seed cannot strike root. Then there are many who begin with great fervor, but soon they falter, for their souls are not deep soil, but soil thinly spread over rock. Others again hear the call of grace, and experience the impulse to follow it, but they love the riches and pleasures of this world overmuch. These Our Lord compares to the soil in which thorns are allowed to choke the blade almost as soon as it springs up.

None of these souls will come to the Master, when His inescapable call is heard, bearing full sheaves. Their holdings have brought forth nothing, and the fault is theirs. In this business of cultivating their fields, that is, their immortal souls, God's help was never wanting. What was lacking was their willingness to receive that help, and profit by it.

God gives us the field, and He gives us the seed. It is then our duty to use what He has bestowed upon us. If the field is thin-soiled, we must find methods of caring for it, so that at least some harvest can be reaped. If it is over-grown with thorns, we can fall to and uproot them before we sow the seed. If the wayside is too broad, we can narrow it. The time never comes when we can be idle. All of us must strive to be numbered with those "who, with a right and good heart, having heard the word, hold it fast, and bear fruit in patience."

All that God asks is that we work with Him. The field cannot change itself, but we, with God's help, can change it, and make it bear fruit.

LITERATURE AND ARTS

NOT ON ALL FOURS

J. STANLEY MURPHY

THE belated choice, recently, of Graham Greene's novel, *Labyrinthine Ways*, for the Hawthornden Prize of 1940 signally honors a masterpiece of modern fiction, of which, judging from the sales, most Catholics are still unaware. As a splendid piece of Catholic literary art written by a professed Catholic, a convert, it provides sufficient proof, if such be needed, that the Christian artist does not have to "go on all fours for the love of virtue."

Nor is the young Mr. Greene's effort alone in this respect. There come to mind immediately, among other novels by British and American writers, the well-received *Death Comes for the Archbishop*, by Willa Cather, who is not a professed Catholic, and the profound story, *The Unbroken Heart*, by Robert Speaight, who, like Greene, is a convert. Notwithstanding the possible effects of the war on publishing, Speaight's novel, which is enjoying a second English edition, should be brought out in an American edition.

Newman's trite observation that we cannot "expect a sinless literature of sinful man" being true, it is refreshing to find young novelists, like Greene and Speaight, with the sympathetic understanding of Christian minds, fearlessly and realistically grappling with difficult, delicate, tremendous problems of human misery. Like certain sections of the Old Testament, of Moral Theologies, and of novels by Sigrid Undset, Bernanos and Mauriac, the strong meat in *Labyrinthine Ways* happens to be definitely adult reading, but truly Catholic none the less. It is free from pseudo-sentimentalism and rooted in rude contact with reality, the whole of reality; it is the expression of an art "sensitive to the whole truth of the universe of good and evil . . . pervaded by the consciousness of grace and sin and the importance of the moment."

Mr. Greene is too consummate an artist to implant dogmatic definitions of the Faith on every page. Flesh-and-blood men and women are his characters—not puppets. The hero is not a plaster saint, nor is his beginning at all heroic—the Mexican whisky-priest, a failure, who is incessantly hunted by the anti-clerical government and haunted by remorse of conscience, but, by the grace of God, becoming at long last what he becomes. The sad effects of original sin are unglossed. Evil is as plain as bread, and grace as hard and real as stone. Faith, hesitation, love, hatred, treachery—all are vibrant in this story. Equally convincing, and a tribute to the moral idealism of the priestly state,

is the genuine portrait of the apostate priest, Padre José, who, having declined from his ideals and sold out to the government, grows sensual, gross, cowardly, despicable, the pitiable slave of a shrewish wife, and the laughing-stock of little children.

It would be not only dangerous, as Pascal once wrote, but wrong to show man only his misery without his greatness—something that too many alleged realists, lacking the inner light of the Faith, succeed in doing. But Graham Greene, amid the weakness, ignorance and sin with which the Catholics in the story reek, detects the "power and the glory" of God's grace: the supernatural interpenetrating the natural—real, tangible, sinful humanity. His art prevents the reader from sinking into unrelieved disgust and despair. Even one of the most moth-eaten, hideous creatures of the human race, a treacherous, low-breed Mexican (almost a living challenge to the doctrine that man is made to the image of God), is seen in Christian perspective, as when, in a fever, he cunningly blurts out part of his confession, in order to hold the whisky priest for a possible later betrayal to the authorities:

The awful jumble of the gross, the trivial, the grotesque shot up between the two yellow fangs, and the hand on the priest's ankle shook and shook with fever. 'I've told lies, I haven't fasted in Lent for I don't know how many years. Once I had two women—I'll tell you what I did. . . .' He had an immense self-importance; he was unable to picture a world of which he was only a typical part—a world of treachery, violence and lust in which his shame was altogether insignificant. How often had the priest heard the same confession—Man was so limited: he hadn't the ingenuity to invent a new vice: the animals knew as much. It was for this world that Christ died: the more evil you saw and heard about you, the greater the glory lay around the death; it was easy to die for what was good and beautiful, for home, children or a civilization—it needed a God to die for the half-hearted and the corrupt. . . .

The Christian literary artist is not confined to any particular subject. In so far as he is with Christ and not against Him, his art will unconsciously reveal the imprint of Catholicism. "Anything from pork to pyrotechnics," in the words of G. K. C., can be his field, but his approach will be from a Christian altitude. Practically all the characters in Speaight's story, *The Unbroken Heart*, are non-Christians, if we except the happy little Italian pianist, whose simple faith, the source of his fortitude and joy, is as native to him as the air he breathes; there are no easy conversions to Catholicism, such as used to eventuate in Catholic fiction with almost the same frequency as Redkins biting the dust in those early Western thrillers; yet Speaight's novel is genuine Catholic art, soundly Christian in orientation, implying the accumulated wisdom of the Faith as the only key to life's problems.

Never before in the history of mankind has a vast reading public been so influenced by fiction as it is today. Most of that public is either unable, through lack of a liberal education, or unwilling, to delve into the depths or to ascend the summits of metaphysics, psychology and ethics, but it is eager to observe men in the third dimension of novels and of plays on the stage and screen. This great reading public is willing to consider respectfully a thoroughly Catholic feeling and point of view in literary art, provided there be a sense of reality which reveals the heights and depths of which human nature is capable.

Such being the case, I am sure there must be joy in heaven, compensating for the lack of it on earth, whenever a modern Christian novelist develops honest, universal realism in his art; that is when, to use words from M. Maritain freely, he is truly a "Christian, nay a mystic, because he has some idea of what there is in man"; that is when he not only evokes the most frightening appearances of evil, but, in the words of Bernanos, plumbs the "innermost recesses of conscience, where evil organizes from within, against God and for the love of death, that part of us the harmony of which has been destroyed by original sin. . . ."

Stoning the prophets of literature, especially Christian ones, is a pastime rather barren of good results and fruitful only to the "common enemy of man." Yet one cannot be too wary, in our wild world, of labels. Whenever any author, professedly Christian though he may be, produces bad art or, Heaven forbid, unconsciously tends to sustain the putrescent materialism in the status quo or, as Eric Gill wrote, "adds another buttress to the bourgeois," let him be anathema. Conversely, whenever any author, professedly Christian or not, with pure mind and steady art, without connivance, depicts the tragic elements and misery of our vale of tears, and implies a Christian orientation, blessed be he.

Face to face today with paganism, an enemy more dangerous, because more subtle and more human than most of the heresies, the Christian in the modern world can ill afford to dissipate useful energy, as well as to augment confusion, by defending the indefensible, such as the poison of puritanism and Jansenism in any of its manifestations. It is high time that Christian readers begin to realize more fully the implications in the dictum *Gratia supponit naturam* (grace presupposes nature). Nature, genuine human nature, is something real, positive, and capable of being spiritualized and completed; something wounded but not entirely corrupted by original sin; capable of intelligence, art, of apprehending truth and beauty; a noble thing, not a thing of shreds and patches.

The un-Catholic neglect of the implications in this dictum is a fault to which a Christian may be easily subject. Solicitude for moral good can lead one to rule out the tremendous importance of intellectual virtue, so that both be losers. Art is no mere superfluity, but a fundamental necessity of human nature in its present state. Both history and the experience of our own era support the truth

of the teaching of Aristotle and Saint Thomas that no man can live without pleasure and that the man deprived of spiritual pleasures goes headlong over to the pleasures of the flesh. Art, fiction included, can teach men the pleasures of the spirit. Art, as Maritain well points out, "being itself sensitive and adapted to human nature . . . is better able to lead men to what is nobler than itself . . . and afar off, without thinking . . . to prepare the human race for contemplation . . . the contemplation of the Truth." And, to this same goal, the moral virtues themselves are to prepare the way.

There would seem to be a duty of charity incumbent on readers and critics as well as on artists who write fiction and strive at the same time to be "on the side of the angels." Padlocks, prohibitive measures, are weak auxiliaries for purifying fiction; they are infinitely less effective than a "robust intellectual and religious training, enabling mind and heart to resist vitally any morbid principle." Hunger for reality and beauty will ever be native to man; and both reader and writer must fulfil the advice given by Maritain and Mauriac about "purifying the source": one's own self, lest the things that God, at the dawn of creation, "saw were good," become a stumbling block.

Is the Catholic novel, a great Catholic novel, possible? Certainly, if it is possible to find an author who is a real novelist and an integral Catholic, an author in whom there is the splendid marriage of art and prudence. And, of course, a reading public, genuinely Catholic, freed of puerility and puritanism, is no negligible factor.

HELL AND HUMOR

THIS following observation gives furiously to think. Observed *Punch* recently:

When American humor ceases to be merely a product of high spirits and an exciting environment and becomes reflective, it tends to be much more melancholy than English humor, in which from Chaucer onward cheerfulness has usually managed to hold its ground against the assaults of thought. Mark Twain was an unqualified pessimist, and James Thurber, the most meditative of his successors, is even more dejected.

I wonder if a cogent and neat little thesis could not be defended that this is so because English humor, perhaps all unconsciously and very diluted, is still a Christian and Catholic heritage, in the direct line from the days when the West, despite (or because of) its realization of the other world, could make this one ring with the laughter of Christian men.

American humor, on the other hand, has not that Christian past to anchor it, and when the humorist, with little sense of Christian hope, stops being merely boisterous and takes a good, serious look at the world, it is for him a melancholy place, indeed.

What it all boils down to, actually, though this will sound like a truly lyric leap, is that you cannot have a real sense of humor if you do not believe in Hell. And we are going to think about that connection some time.

H. C. G.

IMMANENT

The nearness now, the inness of Him
Is like the burning rays the sun
Will slowly send through any one
Of flesh or leaf, and like scent spun
From roses through a fog. Then love Him.

No wall or hazy distance stays Him,
He will not wait, He breaks with cry
So still and piteous on the hill where lie
False lovers, follows on a sigh
And grasps for every heart. So praise Him.

O God within-without, O break me
Imagined walls and blocking stone
And rend the veil with which I zone
You out, for I'm coarse flesh, stiff bone,
And you are hidden still. O, take me!

RAY BERNARD

JOE'S NO SAINT

Joe's no saint,
And I ought to know
For I work at the bench alongside Joe.
He loses his temper just like another
—Days he'd bite the nose off his mother,
And when I call for a pint of plain
Joe's not slow with "The same again."
He gives an odd bob to the poor and needy
But you wouldn't call him gospel-greedy
—You know what I mean?—
So if there's inquiries after he's dead
I won't swear to haloes round his head
For I never seen none.
When all's said and done
I don't suppose they give haloes out
To fellows who like their bottle of stout.

All the same, though,
I'm glad that I work alongside Joe.
For in the morning time I lie on
Long after Guinness's whistle is gone
And scarcely have time for a cup of tea
—As for prayers,
Well between you and me
The prayers I say is no great load—
A *Hail Mary*, maybe, on Conyngham Road
—You know how it is?—
The horn blows on the stroke of eight
And them that's not in time is late;
You mightn't get a bus for ages,
But if you clock late they dock your wages.

Joe though
He's never late at all,
Though he lives at the far end of upper Whitehall;
And I happen to know
(For the wife's cousin lives in the very same row)
That he sets his alarm for half-past six,
Shaves, and goes through the whole bag of tricks
Just like a Sunday,
Gets seven Mass in Gaeltacht Park
And catches the half-seven bus in the dark.

In ways, too, he's not as well off as me,
For he can't go back home for a cup of tea,

Just slips a flask in his overcoat pocket
And swallows it down while he fills in his docket.
I see him munching his bread and cheese
When I'm getting into my dungarees.

There isn't a thing about him then
To mark him off from the rest of men
—At least, there's nothing that I can see,
But there must be something that's hid from me—
For it's not every eight o'clock man can say
That he goes to the Altar every day.

Maybe now you know
Why I'm glad that I work alongside Joe,
For though I'm a Confraternity man
And struggle along the best I can
I haven't much time for chapel or praying,
And some of the prayers that Joe does be saying
Those dark mornings must come my way.
A prayer is never lost, they say,
And if Joe there prays enough for three
Who has more right to a tilly than me?

When my time comes, and they lay me out
I won't have much praying to boast about—
I don't do much harm, but I don't do much good,
And my beads have an easier time than they should.
So when great Peter rattles his keys
And says, "What's your record, if you please?"
I'll answer, "When I was down below
I worked at a bench alongside Joe."

Joe is no saint with a haloed ring,
But I often think he's the next best thing,
And the bus he catches at half-past seven
Is bound for O'Connell Bridge and Heaven
—You know what I mean?—

JOHN DESMOND SHERIDAN

SONG FOR BERNADETTE

An image of Our Lady
stands in a shady
corner of the room.
I break the gloom
with a potted violet
tended and set
most surely for a sign:
this is a shrine.
And even more—
this is a door
through which I see
things dear to me:
*the niche upon the mountain
where runs the healing fountain;
the beloved one
bright as the sun
praised by a lonely
child only.*
The violet-shine
has made a shrine
here in this room
breaking the gloom
where the image stands
with folded hands.
And so I name the violet
Bernadette.

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BOOKS

DIFFICULTIES OVERLOOKED

VICHY: TWO YEARS OF DECEPTION. By Léon Marchal.
The Macmillan Co. \$2.50

THE author had an opportunity to study Germany from several years of residence there, and the same thing was true with reference to the Balkans, North Africa, and elsewhere. In April, 1941, he became Counselor of the French Embassy in Washington; in April, 1942, he threw in his lot with General de Gaulle, and became a member of the staff of the Fighting French National Office for Foreign Affairs. This last development, and the title of the book, practically tell the whole story. The volume is a sustained attack upon Pétain and the Vichy regime. Pétain is considered a dupe of the Germans and at times a collaborator; Laval is considered a traitor to everything decent in civilization.

Marchal believes that Pétain, Weygand, and others were guilty of a great crime when they agreed to capitulation in June, 1940, rather than transfer the remnants of the army to North Africa and continue the fighting from there. He believes that Pétain hoped that France would have an advantage over England in the final peace terms, which Pétain was sure would be dictated by Hitler. Marchal is willing to admit that Pétain believed that a collaboration not necessarily shameful was possible for France with a victorious Germany.

But Marchal does not believe that Pétain had any right to reach such a conclusion, in view of Germany's war aims and general and well known philosophy of might making right. Marchal maintains that any Frenchman should have known that Hitler would break the most solemn promises; that Hitler broke them repeatedly from June, 1940, onward; that Pétain was unwilling or ashamed to admit these facts; that Pétain was willing to force Weygand from the latter's command in North Africa simply to satisfy Hitler; that Pétain acquiesced eventually in Laval's efforts to induce French workmen to enter the factories in the Reich; that such activity upon the part of Laval and Pétain represented treason to France; and that neither Pétain nor Laval really represented the French spirit, which remained true at all times to the principles of freedom and decency.

Marchal is not an objective writer. He quotes few documents or authorities for his statements. Such omissions are understandable under present conditions, but the weight of his conclusions is nevertheless weakened. He makes little effort to make clear the difficulties under which Pétain worked. Marchal's hatred for Germany is so great that he condemns Pétain for doing anything that could possibly aid Germany. He considers Pétain largely responsible, too, for the failure of France to prepare for war, prior to 1939, as Germany rearmed. The book is indeed a depressing record of two black years, from June, 1940, to November, 1942, in the history of France.

PAUL KINIERY

DIPLOMAT CANONIZED

CRIPPS. By Patricia Strauss. Duell, Sloane and Pearce. \$3

ENGLAND has suffered for some time from a dearth of distinction among her major political figures. No one stands out as the inevitable, or even possible, successor to Churchill. Among the rank and file there is a discouraging lack of promise. The horizons have been scanned eagerly and vainly for a rising star. To this anxious quest is due the fact that we have heard so much of Sir Stafford Cripps. His press has taken no

chance with understatement, and this book is an attempt to capitalize on his notoriety.

The author tries to magnify him into a key figure because of his acceptableness to Russia. Throughout his career, he has been a strong supporter of Communist Russia, and he was the only representative of her ideology who won recognition among the circles that govern England. The growing prestige of Russia and the weight she is likely to have at the peace conference give timeliness to this book. No other man in England has such obvious qualifications for making friends with the mammon of iniquity. Mrs. Strauss is neither detached nor objective. In pushing the claims of her hero, she is discreetly silent when on dangerous ground and, when forced to discuss what is questionable she, like Newman's gentleman, interprets everything for the best.

She deals with the Spanish Civil War without mention of the Republican persecution of religion, and gives not the slightest hint that the Republican record before July, 1936, was not stainless. Russian help for the Loyalists is ignored, and no significance is attached to the fact that the Labor Party Congress in Edinburgh manifested its solidarity with the Spanish Republicans by singing the *International*. Chamberlain is castigated severely, but nothing is said of Labor's share in the wasting of much of the precious year he won at Munich. There is no reference to the Nazi-Soviet Pact, and Mrs. Strauss is far too romantic to suggest that the Anglo-Russian espousals were the result of Hitler's perfidy. The Russian attack on Poland is merely an exigency of strategy; the attack on Finland is an error, hardly a crime; and the seizure of the Baltic States happened just because they were in the way. Russia's treatment of religion is not discussed, but we are given Sir Stafford's attitude to it. He is a "practical Christian," allergic to theology, who finds Soviet Russia, in spite of her atheism, living up to an astonishing residue called "practical Christianity." The love of neighbor this might imply does not include those who are hostile to the proletarian dictatorship. Sir Stafford favors internationalizing all colonies. It is possible that Americans may balk at this solution in so far as it applies to us. Immediate relinquishment after costly attainment would be an impotent conclusion to a war of re-conquest.

Mrs. Strauss deals rather naively with the Indian episode. It does not strike her that Sir Stafford was sent to India in the belief that he would fail and so dig his own political grave. His lack of competence for the task robs this suggestion of cynicism, and his recent demotion, which has a note of irretrievability, gives it point. It will take more than good publicity to "put Sir Stafford over."

This book hardly touches the real problems of Europe. Their cure does not lie in racial or class war, or in ignoring the nationalism that is so powerful everywhere. It is utopian to dream of Anglo-American world hegemony, in alliance with Russia and China, and it is dishonest to ignore the profound differences that divide "the big four."

FLORENCE D. COHALAN

DIVORCE AND DONJONS

WIDE IS THE GATE. By Upton Sinclair. The Viking Press. \$3

THIS fourth volume in Mr. Sinclair's gigantic novelistic panorama of our times makes two demands upon its readers. The first, a purely fictional one, is easily complied with, for Lanny Budd, that engaging pastiche of Sydney Carton, Bulldog Drummond and Fred Astaire, negotiates, in his rescue of Alfred Pomeroy-Nielsen from Franco Spain, the most insouciant escape from a dank donjon-keep since Alexandre Dumas extricated Beaufort from the fortress of Vincennes. A niggling critic might complain that a certain repetitiveness of pattern grows apparent in this Baedeker tour of the concentration camps of Europe, since Lanny Budd consumed a similar

"This Publishing Business"

GASOLINE AND THE MIND

No one ever reaches intellectual maturity while he has access to a motor-car. Because the intellect needs quietude. So gas rationing is wonderful luck for the mind. If it lasts long enough quite a number of us will reach mental maturity who would otherwise have lived and died as babes.

To these somewhat dogmatic pronouncements there are two possible retorts: first, "*I have a mature mind*," and second, "*Who wants a mature mind?*" As to the first there is one quick test: is your mind mature enough to occupy yourself? Most of us would have to answer no. So far from our mind being able to occupy us, we are in constant need of something to occupy it. We must forever be going somewhere, doing something, talking to someone. We fall into a panic at the thought of having nothing to do, for that means being alone with our mind, and our mind hasn't the resources.

"The second retort — "*Who wants a mature mind?*" — is the retort of the happy lowbrow. He would not stay happy if he ever got a good look at the mind he has so long neglected. A body that gets no care, no exercise, and no solid food, grows flabby and greasy and short of breath, bulges in the wrong places, sags in the wrong places, looks deplorable. So does a mind.

But there is another reason for doing something about the mind: even when this war of bombs is over, mankind will go on being torn by a war of minds — the Church's mind against the World's. Every Catholic whose mind is a flabby unmuscular half-lit nullity will be a liability in that war, totally unable to help, an encumbrance, a burden upon the rest. To be effective for that war, our minds must develop muscles and master that outlook which specifically is the Church's. We must learn to see what the Church sees when she looks out upon life. Our minds must gather strength and gather light: and gas rationing gives the opportunity.

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By the time gasoline is once more available, you will no longer find your own company intolerably boring. You won't need always to be driving your body somewhere: for you will have a mind in which you can make some pretty exciting journeys. FJS

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quantum of pages in *Dragon's Teeth* getting Freddi Robin out of Hitlerland.

But Mr. Sinclair could reply with reason that said pattern is not of his contriving, but the fault of the times, wherein the shadow of the noose and the prison-grill have become the almost omnipresent symbols of life rather than the ticker-tape and voucher of his muck-raking days; and, anyway, a pleasant monotony of incident has been the expected staple of the romancer from the *Romaunt of the Rose* down to our present triangular love debate among Lanny, Irma and Trudi; which complex of *amour* brings the reader plump up against *Wide Is the Gate's* second demand upon his respectful attention.

Mr. Sinclair has no pretensions in the direction of Tolstoyan or Flaubertian perspicacity in the anatomization of sexual passion, and his three protagonists here are more typical—excellently so, however—than individual. But considered sheerly as situation, his *apologia* for divorce is very acute, and far more acceptable than Galsworthy's sentimentality. Say, in fact, it might be described as a Liberal invocation of the Pauline Privilege against what Mr. Sinclair considers the contemporary paganism of capitalism and class indifference to the social problem. It is Newman's *Callista* in reverse; the *Wunderkind* scion of Budd's leaves his American heiress for the same reason that constrains Agellius' centurion father to forsake his Numidian sorceress: she is a pagan, and he is an acolyte of the revived Marxist Primitive Christianity. The time-worn theme of incompatibility in marriage has been given a spiritual and ethical twist in fiction as John Stuart Mill might have written it.

As for the Spanish trouble, one does not have to be an out-and-out partisan of *El Caudillo* to recommend to Mr. Sinclair Madariaga's thesis that the Civil War was "a strictly Spanish event" in a land where "being extreme is a matter of temperament, while being Right or Left is often a matter of mere hazard." For the rest, the seance-scenes, as in the preceding volumes, are as graphic as anything of their sort since Robert Hugh Benson. One reader, at least, views the passing of old Zaharoff with unmixed regret; he had come to feel for him the curious affection the Curé d'Ars had for his adversary the Devil; and hopes that Madame Zyszynski and Tecumseh are provided with as effective a foil in the books to come.

CHARLES A. BRADY

BLOOD AND BANQUETS. By Bella Fromm. Harper and Bros. \$3.50

HERE is a diary covering twenty years of the social and diplomatic life of Berlin. It dates from 1918 to 1938. The author, a Bavarian Jew with roots in Germany extending back seven generations, held a unique place in Berlin society. A columnist on the *Vossische Zeitung*, no important social function was complete without Frau Bella. She had a host of friends among the diplomats, the aristocracy, and in the Government; connections which enabled her, when Hitler came, to send out secret timely warnings of danger and to save many of her own people from the cruelty of the Gestapo.

Hundreds of celebrities once in the world's news march through her pages and are described with telling adjectives and significant incidents. There is much gossip and some unsavory scandal to which the little doctor, Goebbels, often adds the last lewd witticism. Fat Hermann Goering, he of the many medals, is often seen and heard. Visiting Americans, Bill Tilden, Jimmy Walker, Colonel Lindbergh, receive proper journalistic recognition. There are the lesser Nazi gangsters who strong-arm their way into swank receptions and proceed to consume expensive liquor. Roehm is exhibited talking in his cups at the palatial Italian Embassy, a sordid individual. Frau Fromm felt privileged to meet the Papal Nuncio, Eugenio Pacelli, and she remembers that she kissed his ring. In the description of gowns, salons, and the appearance of male notables, she exhibits professional skill. Nor do the epigrams of distinguished guests escape her vigilant ear.

She loathes Hitler. "He [Hitler] seized my hand, pressed it to his lips, and presented me, gratis, with one of his famous hypnotic glances. It did not seem to work on me. I felt only a slight nausea. The fact is, I could not even feel that he was a member of the other sex." Her description of Hitler is by far the best we have read. She does not depend, like the journalists, on Greek adjectives borrowed from the psychiatrists. She remembers because she hates.

The book contains little vital information that is new, but many a reader will be glad to obtain close-up and vivid impressions of the little clique of ambitious men whose dreams upset the world. **GEORGE T. EBERLE**

JOURNAL FOR JOSEPHINE. By Robert Nathan. Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.75

THIS is a whimsical day-by-day account of the Nathans' life on Cape Cod last summer. These are rather irresponsible musings upon disconcerting war news, rabbits devouring the vegetable garden, Spanish brandy, convoys attacked by submarines off shore, the patient efforts of Josephine, *nom de guerre* of Mrs. Nathan, to keep her family in order and carry out innumerable war duties. "God bless," says Mr. Nathan, "all capable women who can do a woman's job and leave the slow hours of dreaming to the men."

But despite an over-charming preoccupation with light-some trivia, the book is far from morale-building. It moves with a steady undertone of quiet despair which is hardly more alarming than the deliberate whimsy with which it is defiantly kept at bay.

JOSEPHINE NICHOLLS HUGHES

OF BOOKS AND MEN. By Joseph J. Reilly. Julian Messner, Inc. \$2.75

SPANNING four centuries, the essays in this very human book are uniformly good. Professor Reilly has ranged appreciatively through a vast amount of savoring the classics, to distill such an entertaining array of essays. They are indeed varied: there are charming historical sidelights, such as "Charles Lamb Falls in Love," critical appraisals, such as his study of Strachey, applications from the world of letters to our present scene, as in "War and More's Utopia."

This reviewer finds that the author converses more surely and authoritatively when he deals with prose authors. His treatment of the poets and his judgment of their work seems just to miss a desired depth. This I found particularly true in his endeavors to give the secret of Housman's appeal. And certainly the poems of John Finley hardly merit praise that falls but little short of that accorded Housman.

This stated, all else wins a hearty *placet*. Barrie's plays, for example, get just the appreciation they ought to have, and it is to the author's praise that he has caught what so many miss, that Barrie was not interested in being "whimsical" in them; he was a serious dramatist, with a serious intent. Again, it is a discerning mind and an independent one that can so properly praise Louise Imogen Guiney when she is almost utterly forgotten.

Pleasant intercourse with great, near great and little known literary figures is engagingly offered here. Professor Reilly's own style is mellow, his allusions and quotations pleasantly unobtrusive, his humor quiet. It is definitely a book for those who love to read about books and their authors. **HAROLD C. GARDINER**

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CHARLES A. BRADY, professor of English at Canisius College, Buffalo, pursued graduate studies in that subject at Harvard.

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THE Exhibition of Brazilian Architecture, now at the
Museum of Modern Art, could have the sub-title "esthe-
ticism versus intellectualism," for it is made up of the
curious combination of colonial Baroque and Brazilian
architectural modernism. This last is of the general type
that derives from the Swiss-French architect, le Cor-
bussier. As the quality of this modernism is predominant-
ly intellectual, it brought to mind a quotation I recently
encountered in Father Vincent Flynn's *Anthology of
Prose Writing*. It was by J. S. Phillimore and brought
out the fact that great poetry was often the product
of barbarous peoples; great prose never has been.

It is interesting to recall that what he cites in litera-
ture has a parallel in the arts. An ability to create
graphic, sculptural and decorative art has also been
a characteristic of barbarous peoples—African Negro
sculpture is but one instance of this. Great architecture,
like great prose, in contrast, is only a product of civil-
ized societies. In its highest form it is the result of
a union of intellect with esthetic inventiveness. When
the fusion of these disparate things is complete and
balanced we find an architecture that reaches the height
of those of Greece and thirteenth-century Europe. Where
this union is unbalanced and esthetic considerations
overwhelm the intellectual phase, decadent styles such
as the Flamboyant Gothic and the Baroque appear.

As the European-inspired modern-style architecture
exemplifies the dominance of intellectual over esthetic
values, showing it in conjunction with Baroque build-
ings, where the reverse is true, brings out effective con-
trasts. The entrance to the show is through a space
hung with superb photographs of older, colonial Baroque,
as well as of current Brazilian life, and this leads into
the spaces beyond given over to photographs and models
of the modern-style architecture. The photographs are
by G. E. Kidder Smith and the exhibition arrangement
is the work of Alice M. Carson.

In the sections devoted to it, this modern-style archi-
tecture must appeal by reason of its suitability to the
age; this quality the Baroque, even at its best, has not.
As for the modern architecture, it can be said that it
looks toward Europe for its source rather than to the
native background. It is, therefore, more of a unity with
the sophisticated life of Sao Paulo and Rio de Janeiro
than with any totality of native life and culture. The
utilitarian aspects—and these are fundamental to an
architecture—are of a high order in work such as that
of Oscar Niemeyer and his associates. Their major work,
the building for the Ministry of Education and Health,
owes a considerable debt to the esthetic formula devel-
oped by our Louis H. Sullivan for high-building design.

Some of the apartment houses exhibited have that
unhappy vulgarity which is so much a characteristic of
recent buildings of this kind, in New York and else-
where, and they must have been included only to com-
plete the picture rather than for any interest they pos-
sess. The dwellings, in contrast, show that they have ab-
sorbed some of the qualities of simple native houses
and they are, therefore, less machine-like and attain
to a happier association with the scenic environment,
than is usual in European derived modernism.

Among the pictures of old architecture are a number
of Baroque churches, some fine in design, others of the
bedizened type. While we are given to decoration for
decoration's sake, the cloying quality of some of these
old churches shows us well outclassed in tastelessness.
Richness, however, is still an over-esteemed quality in
Catholic circles and purity in design is rarely com-
patible with the spurious, gold-leafed idea of church
adornment. Our church architecture, unfortunately, is
of the non-intellectual variety, and this must deter its
healthy growth.

BARRY BYRNE

THEATRE

ASK MY FRIEND SANDY. There was general rejoicing among New York theatregoers when the glad news came that Roland Young was to return to our stage after a five-year absence in Hollywood. All local lovers of good acting have sorely missed him, and all were prepared to give him a big welcome on his return.

But unfortunately, Mr. Young's new vehicle, *Ask My Friend Sandy*, (by another Young, this time Stanley) is worthy neither of its star nor its author. And we have an especially warm feeling for Roland Young, based on his capital acting, his engaging personality, and a modesty and shyness as attractive as they are rare.

We settled into our seats at the Biltmore in joyous anticipation. We were not disappointed by the first act of the new play. It was good. And then—what happened then was the rest of *Ask My Friend Sandy*, and it was just too bad. Not even Roland Young could save it. The play went to pieces with indecent haste, as if eager to have its misfortune over.

In the beginning, our playwright has something resembling a plot. His hero, a wealthy publisher, decides "in his cups" to give away his money. He is impelled to do this first by alcohol and then by Sandy, a young soldier who loves to be generous with the wealth of others. The publisher gives Sandy all his stocks and bonds and, penniless himself, takes a job as a cabman. He loses that job, his wife and his home. He goes hungry. We are merely told about all this—probably on the theory that it would be too sad for us to see. We sit and listen to Roland's description of it to Sandy when he returns briefly to his empty home. The play gives us the most flagrant example I know of the violation of William Brady's good old rule for the drama. "Don't talk about nothin'. Show it happenin'."

You'll never guess what happens next, so I'll reveal it. The publisher has long ago written a book, which had lain unsold for years. Now, in the hour of his need, and within three weeks after he has given away his all, that book suddenly becomes a best seller and our hero is rich again! He gets back his furniture, his home, and his wife. Most of us went home then. I distinctly remember being helped out of a cab at my front door. P.S. Twelve performances was enough!

FOR YOUR PLEASURE. It is nice to turn to the pleasant memory of the Yolanda-Veloz dance program, *For Your Pleasure*, at the Mansfield Theatre. For some unexplained reason, the reviewer's tickets for this diversion were sent to dramatic critics instead of to established critics of the dance. The results were almost inevitable—a lukewarmness toward, and a lack of understanding of dancing, which colored most of the reviews.

That dancing is among the best of its kind we have been given for years. The program is one of exquisite art and capital music. There are, however, no clowns, no master of ceremonies to tell us off-color stories. So the program seems slow to ardent vaudeville fans who expect their shovel of dirt with every performance.

Yolanda and Veloz have gone to an immense amount of expense to give us something as different and appealing as this offering. They have the best orchestra in any theatre in town. They offer us their own exquisite ball-room dancing, in a great variety of numbers. They have one of the finest Negro quartettes on any stage—the Golden Gate Boys. In addition, there is a first-rate tap-dancer—Bill Gary, together with Susan Miller, a good singer of songs, and Jerry Shelton, the best accordion player I know of. This bill, headed by the really perfect work of the two stars, forms a program no lover of dancing and of capital vaudeville can afford to miss. Go to see it at once. It may not last long, being perhaps too good for most of us. **ELIZABETH JORDAN**

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FILMS

AIR FORCE. "Mary Ann," a Flying Fortress, holds the center of an audience's attention as well as the devotion and constant attention of her crew in this fictional account of what befell a B-17 that left San Francisco on December 6, 1941, saw service in Pearl Harbor, Wake Island, the Philippines and the Coral Sea only to go to a momentous finale in the bombing of Tokio. Though the flight is imaginary, it is patterned out of so much historical whole cloth that it realistically visualizes how and why men fight and die. A war-conscious world will thrill to the scenes of daring, feel exalted because of gallant deeds, smile at fleeting moments of by-play and continue to be inspired through every unfolding reel. While John Garfield gives a grand characterization as an aerial gunner who sulks because he wanted to be a pilot until Pearl Harbor changes all that, and Harry Carey's portrait of a veteran sergeant is convincing and impressive and George Tobias brings small bits of comedy relief, the brilliant cast is composed mainly of newcomers. Each man's work is a gem of dramatic perfection, but the story of the United States Army Air Force is the important thing that overshadows all else. Howard Hawks' direction is worthy of such material and acting. Here is a really great war film, one that reveals details of a Flying Fortress's operation and one that gives a close-up of war in the air. *Adults* must count this among the worthwhile things that have come out of Hollywood. (Warner)

THE YOUNG MR. PITT. That history repeats itself is an obvious conclusion after seeing this British-made drama of the eighteenth century. The wars of that day seem to have a close parallel to the current conflicts, and speeches lifted from old records are as pertinent now as then. This is the story of William Pitt, the youth who became Prime Minister of England at twenty-four. World history is woven into the life history of the man. There are moments of romance, but these are subordinate to the political events and not one iota as exciting. Robert Donat, long familiar to American audiences through a series of memorable roles, gives a sincere performance, even though it may not seem as colorful as his former ones. Robert Morley, who also has reason to be remembered, is the pompous Charles James Fox. The period spectacle of the eighteenth century is interesting, for settings and costumes are authentic. Some may find the overabundance of dialog heavy at times, but *mature* moviegoers will be well rewarded by seeing it. (Twentieth Century-Fox—British)

A STRANGER IN TOWN. Frank Morgan, in a more or less serious mood, plays the role of a Washington judge who takes a fling at cleaning up the dirty politics of a small town. There is a lot of flag-waving, but it is all pleasant and not too tiring. Richard Carlson is the lawyer who attempts to fight the local machine when he runs for Mayor. The jurist, on a hunting trip, becomes interested and handles the situation politically and romantically when he sends for Jean Rogers, his secretary. The mediocre production will win little praise, but it is passable for the whole family. (MGM)

LADY BODYGUARD. This is the kind of lightweight stuff that will tire many members of an audience since it never makes up its mind whether to be satirical or just plain slapstick. Using the idea that a girl agent makes a mistake and insures a test pilot for a million dollars instead of one thousand dollars, it follows her attempts to prevent anything from happening to the flyer. Anne Shirley and Eddie Albert do what they can with the material provided but few adults will be genuinely interested. (Paramount) MARY SHERIDAN

CORRESPONDENCE

FOR HOLY NAME MEN

EDITOR: Some thrilling books of the war have come off the press in recent months, books filled with interest and well worth while. It is a shame that the authors think it necessary to quote so literally the language of the heroic men whose deeds they report. Tension, excitement and heat of battle may perhaps excuse these heroes; the authors, who write of their deeds with more leisure, have no such excuse.

It would seem to me that here is an essential task to be fulfilled by the Holy Name Societies. Abuse of the Holy Name in print is as reprehensible as its abuse by word of mouth. They can certainly do their share in putting an end to this abuse.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

THOMAS E. AMBROSE

POLAND'S CLAIMS

EDITOR: In his two articles which appeared in America April 4 and December 26, 1942, Count Tarnowski, writing of the desirability of a strong Eastern Europe, covets for Poland the non-Polish territories, the lands of the White Russians, and the Ukrainians (Eastern Galicia and Volhynia). He asserts that Poland's Eastern boundaries are incontestable and must be defended by every living Pole. The territories claimed by Mr. Tarnowski are not Polish. They were not allotted to Poland by the Peace Conference of 1919. The Curzon Line drawn by the Peace Conference was not devised by enemies of Poland. The Poles seized these territories in the teeth of the Conference, taking advantage of the weakness of the Ukrainian Republic, which was hard pressed in the East by the Bolsheviks. In the words of Gaetano Solverini:

The Polish administration of those territories was harsh and unjust. Big landowners and public officials ruthlessly exploited the populations. The Roman Catholic clergy endeavored forcibly to convert the Greek Orthodox peasantry to the Roman Catholic faith. The whole story is one of shame. These are facts which are neither Communist nor capitalist. (*Antioch Review*, Winter, 1942)

Thus it is imperative that Mr. Tarnowski and other Polish chauvinists should be forcefully reminded that the Ukrainian people are absolutely opposed to Polish designs on Ukrainian soil, as they are opposed to the German or Russian occupation of the Ukraine.

Lansing, Mich.

GEORGE BACHUR

BLACK OUTCASTS

EDITOR: The young colored men in the armed forces are fighting, perhaps giving their lives so that our country might be free, and yet we shut our doors in their faces. We treat them as if they were social outcasts. And why? Simply because they were born black instead of white. Is this fair? We might, if God had willed it, have been born Negroes, but that was not His will. So we take advantage of His will and satisfy our ego by looking down on the Negroes.

Most of these young men are fine loyal citizens, whereas many of the men and women we allow to enter our theatres and night clubs have unenviable reputations for sin, vice and evil. Yet, because they have white skins, they are welcomed, and because these United States Soldiers have dark skin they are rebuffed.

Is it an evil to be born black? One would think so!

St. Paul, Oregon

CAROL MERTEN

TOUGH BUT OH SO GENTLE

EDITOR: Recently a large newspaper carried a large featured article about a large enterprise of a large school. With abundance of detail and illustration, it discussed in glowing terms the contribution to the national war effort of a compulsory physical-training program whose special aim is to "toughen" the students.

To an unprejudiced and reflective reader, such an aim must appear startling indeed. By what subtle alchemy of logic or psychology or hysteria, he will ask, have those to whom are entrusted the educational destinies of our youth been brought to admit as an obligation of theirs, hitherto and for ages past unsuspected, to "toughen" their charges? He would naturally have thought that the prime aim is rather to refine their minds than to "toughen" their bodies.

In the Persian invasions, Athens did not expect the schools to institute drills in the rowing of triremes, nor during the Crusades were the schools asked to introduce the elements of horsemanship and lancing. But must the schools today, to justify their existence, contribute to the war effort? Certainly not at the expense of their intrinsic and basic functions.

But will these functions not suffer? "Toughening" and refining can go on side by side, and even be integrated. The reflective reader will at once be reminded of the lamb and the tiger.

And this "toughening" is compulsory. Of course, as we have all heard for years, democracy in education requires that the student be left free to elect Greek or not, and no progressive educator would make economics compulsory for all students, but somehow democracy gives way before physical training.

The cult of the physical appeals to modern America. Let modern America recall that in ages past that cult has been intimately linked with the greatest moral degeneracy.

Worcester, Mass.

CARL THAYER

AGAINST COOPERATIVES

EDITOR: Touching upon post-war economics in the January 16 issue, Father LaFarge, it seems to me, succumbed to a contradiction. He repeated the Pope's words anent "free enterprise," endorsed, rather timidly, however, the principle of the profit motive, and then, in almost the same breath, he began to eulogize the co-operative system. The cooperative system and the system of competition are totally at variance with each other. It is either one or the other. They cannot exist side by side with equal honors. Though I well realize most Catholics very decidedly favor the co-op, I fail to see its plausibility. In the first place, we must distinguish between capitalism or competition and the abuses of capitalism or free, unlimited competition. The latter deserves nothing but unqualified disapproval, but there is no reason to discard the basic idea, the principle that every single individual has a right to control his own business. Merging together with others in joint ownership and eliminating the so-called middle-man, destroys initiative (admittedly an essential element in all progress) and snuffs out the individual. All the material prosperity that this country enjoys today is a product of capitalism, which at times, however, has assumed the hateful form of rugged individualism. In the future our efforts should be directed toward eliminating the abuses but preserving the basic principle. The cooperative is not the solution.

Worthington, Ohio

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AN old lady recently wandered up and down the streets of New Orleans. . . . She had forgotten where she came from, where her home was, who she was. . . . Her blind son, who peddles brooms from door to door for a living, walked the streets day and night searching for her. . . . On the fourth day, mother and son met. The sight of her son restored the mother's memory. She called to him and he led her home. Said the son, blind from birth: "God is so good. He has answered my prayers and helped me find my mother." . . . Said the mother: "I completely forgot who I was and where I lived. Then, when I saw my son tapping the pavement with his cane, I remembered." . . . Most cases of amnesia are not cured so quickly. . . . Last week, a California man was arrested for not registering in the draft. He declared he had registered and gave the date in 1917 on which he had signed up. All the years between World War I and World War II were a complete blank to him. After investigation, the authorities released him.

Each year, some men and women forget who they are. . . . 20,000 to 25,000 persons are overtaken by amnesia annually in the United States. . . . Not infrequently, a blow on the head is the cause. . . . The amnesic victim is normal in every respect except one—he cannot recall his identity. . . . The number of amnesiacs with relation to the total population is too insignificant to affect society in any marked degree. . . . If the number were large, however, the situation would be drastically altered. . . . If, for example, the bulk of the population, through some widespread collapse of memory, suddenly forgot who they were, the whole tone of society would be different. . . . The people who still knew who they were would be considered the queer ones. . . . The majority, the amnesiacs, would control the climate of public opinion. . . . Education, politics, everything would be adjusted to the majority. . . . One can almost hear the smart magazine writers, the novelists, the professors of this hypothetical world scoffing at the minority:

There are still men and women, even in this era of enlightenment, who cling to the superstition that they know who they are [one can hear the scoffers jeering]. These men and women are the reactionaries, the throwbacks to darker and more degraded times. As man soars and evolves, he rises above knowledge of who he is. Gaze at the leaders in the various walks of life. They are all superior to knowing who they are. Agnosticism is the mark of intelligence in the matter. A really intelligent man cannot know who he is or who anybody else is. . . . Instead of regarding their amnesia as a blight, the intelligentsia of this fanciful society would consider it a symbol of progress, just as many prominent people in our real-life modern world organize movements for the promotion of unnatural vices as though these vices were not perversions but tokens of advancement.

Though there are relatively few persons afflicted with physical amnesia, there are millions suffering from spiritual amnesia. . . . Secular education and the present-day pagan civilization has, so to speak, struck them sharp blows over the head. . . . These millions have forgotten they are sons of God. . . . Forgotten that God is their Father and Mary their Mother. . . . Forgotten whence they came. . . . Forgotten where their permanent home is and the way thereto. . . . They have become sufficiently numerous to color the climate of public opinion. . . . And their intelligentsia, victims of spiritual amnesia, glory in their disease and scoff at the minority. . . . Scoff at the men and women who have not forgotten who they are. . . . The minority which has not forgotten the way home.

JOHN A. TOOMBY

THOUGHT

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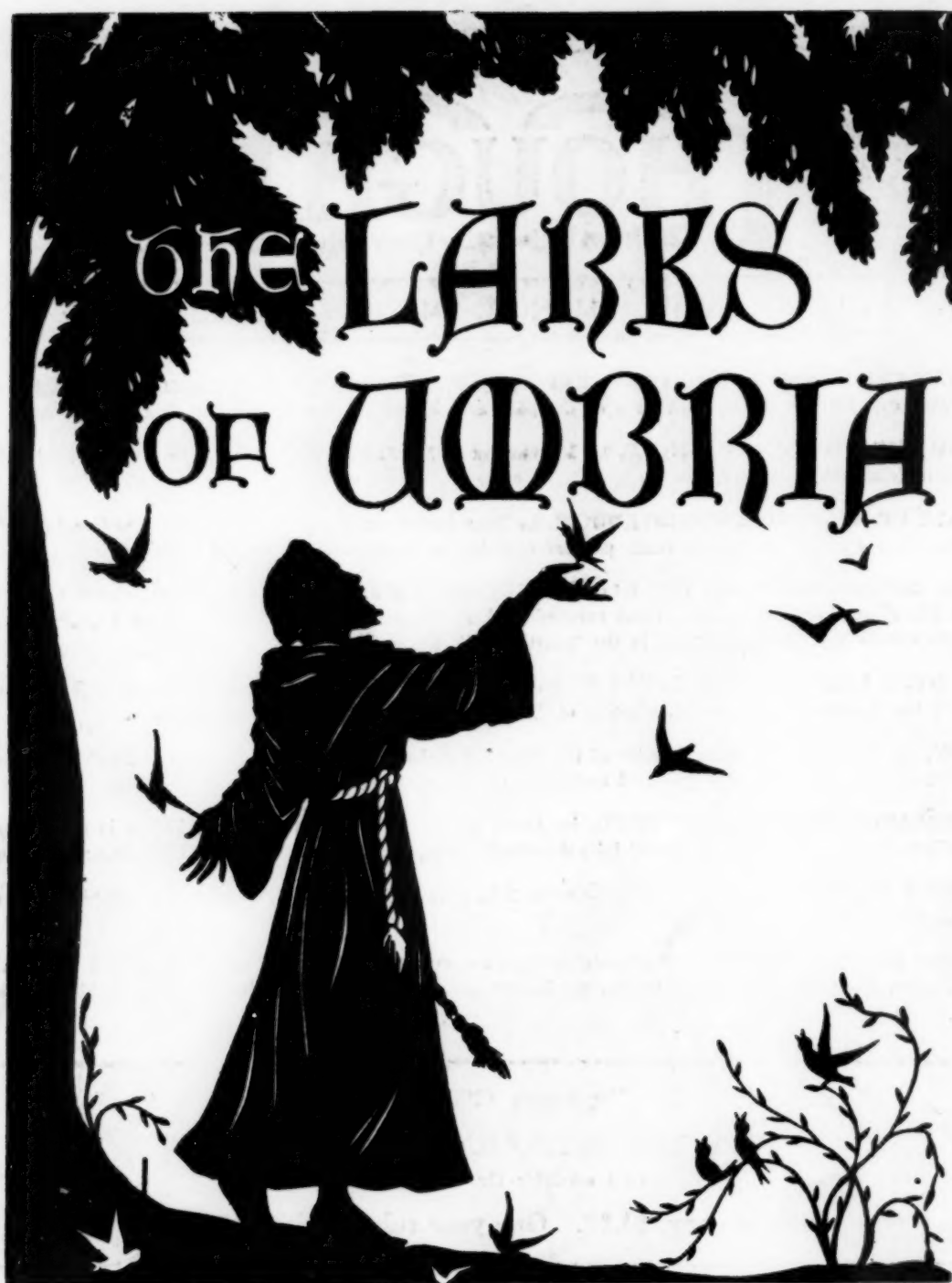
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